

THE *Canadian* FORUM

37th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, July, 1957

Fifty Cents

After June 10

► "THE LIBERALS were defeated in the June election by the New Canadian vote which was marshalled solidly against them. Recently naturalized East Europeans provided the hoist needed to elevate Mr. Diefenbaker into the Prime Minister's Office not because they objected to the Liberals, but because they wanted to know what it feels like to cast one's ballot against a government." This explanation differs from most proffered by the experts only in that it is consciously (if only mildly) amusing. It is not based on fact, on real knowledge of Canadian politics and voting behaviour, nor on a critical examination of almost universally held assumptions about the forces which dominate Canadian politics. In these deficiencies it resembles the inadequate forecasts and analyses which have surrounded the events of June 10.

Among the most stunning aspects of the election was the fact that the journalists, the politicians, the pollsters and the political scientists seemed to have not the slightest inkling of what was actually going on in the minds of the voters. The reason for this universal ignorance and the eagerness to commit it to paper or to the airwaves, stem from the failure among the experts to appreciate how little is really known about choice-making by voters. On June 10 the Canadian voters pointed not only to the door leading the Liberals out of office, but also to the inadequate understanding yet reached of the forces influencing Canada's politics. It is partly for the journalists, but above all for the academic students of political science, to make up the deficiency. What is required, of course, is a better knowledge of electoral choice-making and the ordering of this knowledge into a theory which would increase our insight into the nature of Canadian political processes.

Post-election analyses by most newspapermen and professors of political science suggest that many are content, even after June 10, to continue the same old mouthing of moth-eaten myths about the Canadian voter that failed to prepare them for the surprise he recently provided. In the present state of knowledge, they cannot, of course, be condemned for failing to forecast what was going to happen. They must, however, be chastised severely for refusing arrogantly to recognize their own lack of knowledge and for making forecasts on the basis of inadequate facts.

It is too soon to attempt a serious analysis of the results of the voting and to relate them to the events preceding it. The official results have not been published yet, and their interpretation must await many months of painstaking analysis. Some sheer speculation about the future may, however, be attempted. In view of what was said in the previous paragraphs, it is obvious that the comments which follow are mere musing about what *might* occur; they are not to be taken as a forecast of what *will* happen.

Among the names of the elected Conservative candidates one finds Quinto Martini, John Kucherepa, Nicholas Mand-

ziuk, W. H. Jorgenson, Douglas Jung, Michael Starr (the Anglicized version of a Ukrainian name). Even the party leader lacks the customary uncompromisingly British or French name. This, in addition to strenuous efforts begun under Colonel Drew's leadership to supply favourable news to the foreign-language Canadian press, suggests that the Conservative party is perhaps modifying what may be called its traditional Anglo-Canadian, Tory orientation. If a successful, special effort is made by the Conservative leaders to appeal to Canadians whose origin is neither British nor French, the nature of the party is likely to change considerably.

At the present time the distribution of seats (and much less emphatically, the popular vote) suggests that the Conservative party is more of a national party than its main rival. This may not be so after the next election. But there is a possibility that the Liberals will continue to lose support in non-French constituencies throughout the country. The Conservatives, on the other hand, will no doubt make every effort to increase their support in Quebec. This they might well do by means of attitudes and policies which would at the same time appeal to Canadians whose origins are in Central, Southern and Eastern Europe. Of these increasingly more numerous non-British and non-French voters, many have recently escaped from communist oppression. For this and other reasons (many are Catholics, for example) they tend to be more vehemently and more militantly anti-communist than Canadians with different experiences and of different ethnic backgrounds. In the field of foreign policy at

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Current Comment

Doing the Kremlin

The American newsman is supposed to be a fairly hard-boiled character, at least in the presence of News. Never to be surprised, never to be impressed: that is his necessary talent. Nothing fazes him—nothing, that is, except history, the presence of the past. The American newsman is still above all an American, and even the most sophisticated American is devoted to cathedrals and ruins and beefeaters, etc. The CBS team who arrived in the Kremlin to interview Krushchev for FACE THE NATION were obviously impressed and therefore uncomfortable. For the Kremlin isn't just news—it's history.

Krushchev faced the nation, no wild revolutionary confronted by the apostles of reaction, but a crafty old man representing an ancient culture face to face with the brash Yankee traveller. It might have been a scene from Henry James. The Americans began to ask questions about meat. Russia had announced that she would make spectacular increases in her meat production in an incredibly short period. How did she propose to do it? The interpreter murmured to his master, who at once began a speech in Russian. (An earnest, rather slimy foreign voice Englished it as he spoke.) It was all about the five-year plans and how no one had believed that Russia could do what she said she would do but that nevertheless she *had* done what she said she would do and what no one believed she could do; and therefore what no one believed she could do was the very thing she would do. Because Socialism was best. The newsmen perked up. This was familiar ground. Here was something they could be unimpressed by. They sneered. Had Socialism then discovered a way to make every cow give birth to twins?

Krushchev looked pleased. That too was possible, but not what they had in mind. They didn't expect much success in that direction for the present. Meanwhile they were concentrating on hogs. Pork was meat too, you know; the English, now take the English, they did quite well on bacon.

The newsmen looked dashed. One up to Krushchev—they hadn't thought about hogs. They rallied and asked what the Russians felt was needed for peace in the world. Let's get to know each other better, replied Krushchev: lift your iron curtain! The Americans pounced. Why then did the Russians jam the Voice of America broadcasts? Krushchev put this aside with elderly humour.

The Americans seemed more and more dejected. Krushchev was running rings round them. His guile, his good humor, the fact that he was sitting in the Kremlin—all this made him symbolic of the dear hateful Old World and they reacted accordingly. They were awed: they took as usual to their materialism in self-defence ("we have more automobiles than you") only to find an adversary more wholeheartedly materialist than themselves. In desperation the littlest newsman suddenly enquired the strength of the Russian army. Krushchev looked at him benevolently. Unfortunately no notice had been given of that question and there had therefore been no opportunity to get figures from the minister responsible.

Outsmarted at every turn the Americans began to get nasty. What about Hungary? Krushchev retorted in kind:

What about Formosa? A familiar polite wrangle developed as to who were the warmongers in the world. In this argument the dishonours were even.

More interesting was Krushchev's exposition of the doctrine of co-existence. He seemed to speak candidly out of a belief that Russia could afford to live and let live, as his interviewers' grandchildren would inevitably be socialists. Socialism was (he suggested) the destiny of man, so that even if our present civilization were to be destroyed in a war of hydrogen bombs, Socialism would go marching on. But such a war was unnecessary.

Krushchev made a number of other debating points and scored easily. His questioners were deflated. What Krushchev didn't realize was that by his dialectical success he was defeating no one but himself. The viewers' sympathy was all with those nice unhappy Americans, those small-town characters who had suddenly found themselves in the power of a big-time city slicker.

American reaction to the telecast seems to have been mixed, but on the whole favourable. President Eisenhower seemed annoyed, dismissing it as the work of "a commercial firm in this country trying to improve its own commercial standing." One might guess that this was the natural irritation of a soldier who has to stand by and watch the civilians louse things up, or of the professional politician who sees amateurs meddling in matters too high for them.

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THE RYERSON PRESS

299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO 2-B

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXXVII No. 438

Editorial Board: A. F. B. Clark, Edith Fowke, C. A. Grassick, Gordon Hawkins, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, Margaret Prang, Dennis H. Wrong.

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

36 Yonge Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: EM. 3-0145

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request

Why the Liberal Debacle?

The most significant cause of the astonishing Liberal upset on June 10 was undoubtedly the desire of four million Canadians to teach their masters a lesson. Resentments which had been accumulating on a number of major and minor matters over a period of 22 years came to long-delayed fruition in a huge protest that defeated a government which had banked on being returned to power by a docile electorate fearful of risking its prosperity by voting otherwise. Liberals have learned the hard way the maxim the Democrats discovered to be true in 1952, that "no one loves his creditor," especially if he swaggers a bit, and certainly the Liberals were provocatively over-confident.

The party had also grown sleek and lazy, relying on the old devices which produced such magic results in 1949 and 1953. But this time they didn't work. "You've never had it so good" wore itself out as a winning slogan and the stereotype of "Uncle Louis" patting little heads and dishing out Pabulum homilies proved to be no replacement for a policy.

A political party like love must prove itself every day and the Liberals have long since ceased to make the effort. The party mechanism has fallen into the hands of professionals and the best they could do was use the unimaginative techniques of their profession. The "monster" Liberal rally at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto which was to be the culmination of the whole campaign was a perfect example. Widely publicized and expensively staged it may have been an advertising agency's notion of what an election meeting ought to be, lots of tinsel and cheesecake, but it certainly was a flop as far as being what the customers wanted, a few rousing speeches and plenty of zip. It left 12,000 people on the spot and millions across the nation uninspired and unenthused two days before voting, an ironic and disastrous outcome of permitting professional advertisers to "package" a non-existent product. All of which proves that politics is still an art and not a business. There is no substitute for human enthusiasm and when political parties try to hire it rather than work for it they are lost.

To some extent the Liberal high command had lost the will to survive. Mr. Prudham and Mr. Pinard had announced their retirement from the cabinet before the election. Mr. Winters had declared that he will leave politics for private industry. Mr. Howe is clearly delighted to be forcibly freed from his burdens of office and thereby spared the pain of deciding to retire. (It is in keeping with his character that he would prefer an unexpected violent political end to a lingering decline.) When the wife of another defeated minister was asked how she felt about the results, she said she was pleased "because now he will be at home." And judging by the near eagerness with which Mr. St. Laurent set about turning over the reins of government to Mr. Diefenbaker one can conclude that he too is not terribly unhappy to be honorably discharged.

Thus the quandary which persisted for a decade, "Will the Liberals last forever?", has been answered in the obvious way: age and weariness take their toll on all things human, even the Liberal party.

The question now is how long the Conservatives will last. Likely much longer than current opinion allows, for one simple reason—no one wants another election soon. The two minor parties are in a very favourable position holding the balance of power. Certainly they will not wish to risk this nor to run the chance of losing some of the increased number of seats they won this time. The Liberals are shattered. It will take them months to regroup their forces and resolve their leadership problem. The Conservatives meanwhile, once the first ecstatic flush of victory passes, will become

increasingly aware that their victory was the result of a negative vote against the former government rather than a positive desire for them. They would have everything to lose by going to the country again soon and allowing chagrined Canadians to express their original intention to chasten the Liberals without placing the Tories in power.

P.W.F.

Solution for Cyprus

The problem of Cyprus might lend itself to a more satisfactory settlement if less simple solutions were contemplated than those under consideration. The idea of continuing the island's status as a British crown colony seems simple. But it is unsatisfactory in view of the fact that the Cypriotes are not British but Greek and Turk. The idea of turning Cyprus into a Greek province seems simple. But it is unsatisfactory considering that nearly a fifth of its population is Turkish, and that the island is an outpost not of Greek but British defenses. And the idea of complete independence seems simple. But it is unsatisfactory considering the reluctance of the Turks to play the role of a vastly outnumbered minority, and the somewhat incomprehensible desire of the Greek Cypriotes to obtain independence for the sole purpose of surrendering it in due course to the Greek mainland.

It may seem impossible to harmonize the many contradictory interests of the problem of Cyprus. Yet a similar set of complexities seems to have found a highly satisfactory answer once before. All that was done was to furnish a complex condition not with a simple but a complex solution. The case referred to is the almost incredible political arrangement which regulated the triple relationship of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, first with each other, secondly with the Danish Crown, and thirdly with the German Confederation. Having both elected Christian I of Denmark as their respective Duke, Schleswig and Holstein were joined in 1460 through the Charter of Rive in an "indissoluble union." However, in the face of third parties, their status of separate sovereignty remained unaffected. Schleswig continued to be a part not of Denmark but of the Danish Crown, and Holstein of the Holy Roman Empire and, when the latter collapsed, of the German Confederation. In his capacity as Duke of Holstein, the Danish King was thus at the same time a German sovereign.

Economically, the picture was further complicated by the fact that in the 19th century the Danish crown possessions of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg on the one hand, and the German principality of Luebeck as well as parts of the Hanseatic city states of Luebeck (not to be confused with the principality of the same name) and Hamburg on the other, were united in a series of involved customs union arrangements which tended towards Denmark rather than the German Zollverein though the latter was then at the height of its development. True, all this fell ultimately victim to the 19th century spirit of simplicity which insisted on unifying political with national and economic boundaries. But, while the pattern of rational simplicity lasted barely fifty years, the preceding pattern of adaptive complexity flourished for half a millenium.

There seems no reason why the superior emotional and political flexibility of monarchical institutions could not once more be utilized and why the Schleswig-Holstein pattern could not also be applied to Cyprus. The Greeks of both mainland and Cyprus might be satisfied by the proclamation of the island as an independent state "indissolubly" united not with Greece but the Greek Crown. The British might be satisfied by their retention of Cyprus within the framework of the empire. This would make the Greek King, in his

capacity of let us say Duke of Cyprus, a British sovereign, insuring the continued defence of Great Britain on the basis not of separate but common interest. And the Cypriote Turks might be satisfied by a constitution vesting the principal part of administrative power not so much in the central government of the island but, along Swiss lines, either in cantonal sub-organizations or, if overlapping national divisions should make this too difficult, in local communes within which the various national groups could enjoy a maximum degree of autonomy. Since the constitution would be proclaimed and guaranteed by the British Parliament, violations could be appealed to London rather than Athens, thus giving additional protection to the Turkish minority. Lastly, from an economic point of view, Cyprus might remain a separate entity, or be united in a customs union with either the more distant Greece or the closer Turkey.

Involved as all this may seem, a complex solution of this kind, patterned on a highly successful historic precedent, might *harmonize* the many now conflicting positions without the necessity of *compromising* any of them.

LEOPOLD KOHR.

Municipal Misgovernment

Last year I spent seven months covering the City Council of Toronto as a reporter for *The Globe and Mail*. It was a curious and revealing experience. It left me still quite ignorant of many aspects of municipal government but nevertheless knowledgeable enough on many points to draw some conclusions from them.

The first important and memorable thing I learned was that everyone outside civic politics believes it is unbearably dull and everyone inside civic politics knows it is fascinating. The second thing I learned was that in Toronto municipal politics are handled with an astounding lack of efficiency that cannot be conveyed even by the incessant newspaper editorials attacking city officials; it is far worse than anyone thinks. I also learned some of the reasons for this, and I learned that they can be corrected.

The civic political system in Toronto has become so confused that it now bears almost no resemblance to any political system that is explained in our schools. That is why it is so hard to report, and why it seems so dull. There is, for instance, no Administration in the sense that that term is understood in provincial and federal governments. There is no Opposition, again in the sense that that term is understood elsewhere. The first executive, or chief magistrate, has little power of any kind; any real power he obtains is his own creation, brought about by lobbying or browbeating of one sort or another. (The present mayor of Toronto, Nathan Phillips, finds that his social activities leave no free time for lobbying or browbeating; thus he has no power.)

There are many ways an idea or a proposal may be brought through City Council, but they are all hopelessly time-consuming and inefficient. This is a typical way. First, the idea—say it is a new type of parking meter—is proposed at a meeting of a committee, in this case the traffic committee. The committee consists of one member from each of the city's nine wards; all aldermen sit on two or three committees. The committee passes the idea, after a delay; the delay can last two weeks or two years, and it is usually "for study," or to obtain reports from various civil servants. Then the parking meter idea goes to the Board of Control. The board then passes it on to the entire City Council with a recommendation that it be adopted or rejected. The Council then votes on the measure and usually follows the

board's opinion. However, the council can reject the board's stand entirely. This means the idea must then be sent back to the board, which then must decide what to do with it.

Now the interesting point in this process — and the dangerous one — is that no one is obliged to take any stand whatever. An alderman who, say, has voted for the measure in committee, can oppose it vigorously in council. A controller who has voted for it, or *seemed* to—there is rarely a show of hands at the board meeting—can fight it to the death in council. The mayor can speak against it, even if the board (of which he is supposedly chairman) has recommended it. There is not necessarily any party line to support, or any opposition policy to put forward. A man may support a measure at one meeting and attack it at the next.

The result is anarchy. When newspaper editorials say the city can "never get anything done," this is what they are talking about. When citizens claim that civic politicians are useless, they are misplacing the blame (at least part of the time). It is often the system, not the men, that is at fault.

The system robs the city of any possibility of real leadership. As a result, it is entirely possible, as Nathan Phillips has demonstrated, to become mayor without any platform whatever. A prospective mayor may say he will "work for" a certain measure; he cannot promise it. If the aldermen don't want it, he won't get it. Frequently citizens groups ask for "a vigorous administration." Not only is a vigorous administration impossible; any sort of administration worthy of the name is impossible.

The system also robs the city of any real opposition. Thus there is no continuing criticism of the acts of the majority of council members. Since there is no government party, there is no opposition party. In Toronto, William Dennison, the senior alderman for Ward 2, has for some time provided continuing criticism, but as a single voice he is ineffective. It might be expected that an opposition group would form naturally to criticize the methods and acts of the majority. In Toronto this has not happened.

The solution lies at least partly in a system of party government. The phrase "party politics" makes civic politicians in Canada shudder; they point to the abuses of the system in the United States and dismiss the idea as ridiculous. Actually, American cities have often found party politics and party loyalties useful in municipal government. In general, I believe, there is some case to be made for the idea that the fairly large American cities, so far as these matters are under municipal control, are better planned and better run than Canadian cities. Their street layouts show more foresight, their downtown redevelopment is faster and more effective, their parks plans are certainly superior, and their public housing is far more comprehensive. There are exceptions on both sides, of course. But I believe most town planners and specialists in municipal government will agree with this.

In the last few years scores of articles have made abundantly clear the hard fact that the future will make the problems of the municipalities harder, not easier. Residential congestion will get worse, traffic problems will increase, schools will have to be larger and more numerous. Much has been made of the possibilities of the Metropolitan form of government that Toronto and its adjacent suburbs are now trying. But the problem of chaotic administration has beset Metro too, and will continue to trouble it and every other kind of municipal government until some solution is found. I doubt if there is a better one than the party system.

ROBERT FULFORD.

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Canadian Calendar

- On May 19 the trustees of Queen's University approved the establishment of a faculty of law which will give a three-year course in legal studies leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

- The seventieth convocation of McMaster University on May 20 was the last under sponsorship of the Baptist Convention for Ontario and Quebec, which has administered the institution since its opening in 1887. A special act of the Legislature, effective in June, declares the University to be non-denominational.

- On May 22, before the International Federation of Agricultural Producers in session at Purdue University at Lafayette, Ind., Canadian wheat growers denounced U.S. policy

on disposal of surplus farm products abroad as gravely jeopardizing Canadian farm economy.

- Donald M. Macdonnell, deputy under-secretary of the External Affairs Department, has been appointed ambassador to Egypt, to succeed the late Herbert Norman.

- On May 22 the Association of Professors of McGill University issued a statement urging the university to accept federal grants and to reject any conditional provincial grants.

- William J. Southam, former publisher of the Hamilton Spectator, died in Hamilton on May 22 at the age of 79.

- Saskatchewan's oil production reached a record of 2,871,105 barrels during March. Output for the first quarter of this year is up 95.9 per cent from the same period last year.



- Premier Manning of Alberta announced on May 28 that the Alberta Government will cut its provincial debt on June 1 by \$51,421,000 or more than 60 per cent.
- On May 28 the Canadian Government placed cheddar cheese under import control for one year and banned all imports for the present.
- Newfoundland is without cash reserves and \$44,000,000 in debt eight years after she joined Canada with a \$44,000,000 cash dowry. But this, as Premier Smallwood said, does not mean that she is a prodigal, but rather that she was trying to make up for her "terrible heritage of poverty."
- Canada's imports continued to rise in April while exports declined, increasing the foreign trade deficit for the month to \$169,400,000 compared with \$144,200,000 a year ago. At the end of the first four months of 1957 trade, the deficit stood at a record \$411,300,000, sharply higher than last year's \$365,000,000.
- Exports of aluminum from Canada rose 46.5 per cent in the first three months of this year from the same period of 1956.
- Okanagan Valley fruit growers have received a total of \$9,371,585 for their 1956 apple crop—the largest amount ever paid to one group in the history of the British Columbia fruit industry.
- Fort Prince of Wales at the entrance to the harbor of Churchill, Man. on Hudson Bay, built between 1733 and 1771, is being restored to its original condition.
- *The Sun* and *The Province*, Vancouver's two evening newspapers, announced on May 30 that they will pool their assets on June 14 in a new publishing firm. *The Province* will become a morning paper, the morning field being vacated after June 15 when Vancouver's third daily, *The Herald*, ceases publication.
- Savings on deposit in Canada's chartered banks at April 30, 1957, amounted to \$6,211,000,000 against \$5,919,000,000 on April 30, 1956.
- Canadian university teachers last year earned 9.1 per cent higher salaries than they did during the academic year of 1954-55, and almost double what such teachers earned in the pre-war academic year of 1937-38.
- Sales in Canadian retail stores rose to a record first-quarter high this year, up 8.2 per cent over the same period of 1956 at \$3,149,950,000.
- The Northwest Territories is to get an extra \$255,000 a year for the next five years under a new financial agreement with the Federal Government.
- Canada's wheat and flour exports totalled 15,800,000 bushels during April, a drop of 800,000 bushels from the previous month and down considerably from the heavy shipments of 33,500,000 bushels in April, 1956.
- The consumer price index for April rose to record high of 121.1 compared with 120.9 in March and 116.6 a year ago. The food and clothing indexes remain unchanged, but price increases in other commodities were responsible for the rise.
- More radio sets but fewer TV sets were produced in April and the first four months of 1957 compared with the similar period in 1956.
- Total value of construction contracts awarded in the first five months this year was 14 per cent below the record high in 1956, the main reason for the decline being a heavy drop in the residential category and a smaller drop in engineering. Regionally, only one area recorded an increase in activity over last year—the Province of British Columbia.
- Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip will visit Ottawa in mid-October and spend about three days in the capital, it is officially announced.
- Results of the Canadian Federal Election of June 10: Progressive Conservatives 109; Liberals 104; CCF 25; Social Credit 19; Independent 2; Ind. Lib. 2; Ind. P.C. 1; Lib. Lab. 1; Nine Cabinet Ministers, including Trade Minister Howe and Finance Minister Harris, were defeated. There was a record vote of 6,322,093. The previous high was 5,848,766 in 1949. 5,640,256 voted in 1953.
- According to the final 1956 census results published on June 12 Canada's total population in that year was 16,080,791 compared with 14,009,429 in 1951. The largest gain was in the age-group under 20.
- A new page in the history of anthropology awaits writing as the result of the discovery of a large number of primitive pits in the Puckasan River area of Lake Superior. These pits, unlike anything in any other part of the world, may be from 6,000 to 10,000 years old.

Just Published

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Sir John Thompson — The Unknown

John T. Saywell

► THOMAS CARLYLE would nod with approval if he could observe contemporary Canadian historical writing, although the contented countenances of the determinists might cause him some anxiety. In good Carlylean fashion Canada has picked her heroes and has cast lesser men into the shadows which wait for the unfit and defective. Macdonald, Laurier, and King have given their names to epochs in Canadian history and, with the possible exception of Borden, are the only Canadian prime ministers with whom the public is at all familiar. Very few graduates of our high schools and colleges would remember John Thompson. The historians are of course to blame, if blame must be assigned. A quick glance at four of the leading college texts reveals that two historians do not consider him worthy of mention, a third mentions him by name, while a fourth finds time for a short paragraph which tells us very little. There is in existence a short life of Thompson but the general conclusion seems to be either that the book is not worth reading or the man is not worth reading about.

At first sight Thompson is not an attractive figure. His first and only love was the law. He was never at home in the rough-and-tumble of Canadian politics, and he frequently admitted to friends that an able man in his right mind would never agree to be a politician. Although he had the greatest respect for Macdonald he could never bring himself to look upon politics in the same cavalier manner. Principled, sober, scrupulously honest; cold, austere, distant; he lacked the personal touch and mass appeal that Macdonald and Laurier so carefully nourished.

Thompson was born in Nova Scotia in 1844. There he grew up, studied law, assisted and in time replaced John Bourinot, the official reporter of the Legislative Assembly debates, served as legal counsel for the Americans during the fisheries tribunal, and in 1872 commenced a six-year term on the Halifax city council. Before he had celebrated his thirtieth birthday Thompson had been singled out as a lawyer of great promise. Men spoke of him as a logical aspirant for the highest positions on the Bench. Thompson's interests and ambitions pointed to the same destiny.

Meanwhile he had deserted the Methodist chapel of his parents for the Roman Catholic church to which his wife belonged. This conversion, essentially intellectual rather than domestic, proved to be a most significant event. He was at once accepted by the Roman Catholic community in Nova Scotia, and before long was asked to contest the vacant provincial seat in Antigonish. With the vigorous support of Bishop Cameron and the clergy Thompson succeeded. This association with the clergy was to remain throughout his career; it was a source of great strength locally but later caused him considerable embarrassment in Ottawa.

In 1878 the Conservatives won the provincial election and Thompson, aged thirty-four and with only one year's experience in politics, became Attorney-General in the Holmes government. Four years later he succeeded Holmes as Premier, but his government was defeated a few weeks later. Thompson seized the opportunity to leave politics and accepted an appointment to the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Within three years, however, he was summoned to Ottawa where Macdonald was desperately attempting to inject new blood and new strength into his government. In 1885 he was sworn in as Minister of Justice, Antigonish and Bishop Cam-

eron reasserted their support, and the new minister made his debut with a brilliant defense of the government's policy on the Riel affair.

Thompson arrived in Ottawa at the moment when concerted provincial attacks threatened to undermine the paramountcy of the federal government and racial and religious strife threatened to destroy the Conservative party. First as Minister of Justice and later as Prime Minister, Thompson played his part in the attempt to settle these two problems. As everyone knows the attempt failed and a divided Conservative party went down to defeat in 1896.

Thompson had been a supporter of Confederation and, unlike so many others, continued to support the balance of power then clearly intended. As Minister of Justice he was never reluctant to assert the legitimate power of the central government over the provincial legislatures. But his legal cast of mind led him to take a view of the whole subject somewhat different from that taken by Macdonald. Sir John Macdonald had an incurable habit of confusing constitutional power with political necessity. Thompson did not. To him the powers of the federal government were not political devices justified by the constitution to be used when convenient, but constitutional devices to be used when required in the national interest regardless of political necessities or consequences.

Few Ministers of Justice have more closely examined provincial legislation. He took strong objection to acts that adversely affected private rights, that were contrary to principles of justice and equity, that were opposed to the public interest. He hesitated to disallow such measures, however, preferring to enlighten the provincial governments in a succession of able legal treatises. Legislation obviously *ultra vires* he would often leave to the courts unless there were strong grounds for immediate disallowance. But if a provincial government deliberately set out to encroach upon the powers of the federal government Thompson consistently took a strong stand, even though such an action might cause the party some embarrassment. On the other hand, regardless of political pressure he repeatedly refused to use the power of disallowance when its exercise was not called for by the constitution or non-political principles of action.

It was Thompson's refusal to disallow the Jesuits' Estate Act that prompted the first serious split within the English-speaking wing of the Conservative party. (The split in the Quebec wing had commenced long before when no one was able to keep Cartierists and ultramontanes from each other's throat.) Disallowance was demanded by a significant element within the party led by Dalton McCarthy. As Minister of Justice, Thompson made the major speech from the treasury benches and demolished the passionate, vitriolic, but weak argument offered by McCarthy, thus incurring the latter's perpetual enmity. Henceforth McCarthy's great ability and inexhaustible energy were to be used to destroy the compromise that was Canada and on which the Conservative party rested. "We must buckle on our armor," he cried. "This is a British country and the sooner we take our French Canadians and make them British, the less trouble will we leave for posterity." And so, applauded by the Noble Thirteen, the Equal Rights Association, and in time the Protestant Protective Association, on to the west where a beginning might be made in the abolition of dual languages and separate schools. Macdonald seemed incapable of stopping McCarthy and left the whole problem to his successors.

Thompson refused the Governor-General's invitation to form a government in June, 1891, feeling that it would not "be fair to the party that I should lead it into the difficult paths that I have sometimes to walk in, on account of my being a convert—or an apostate—(according to the taste of

the critic)." This was no idle fear, for McCarthy had warned him that he would not support a Thompson government. Yet as leader of the House of Commons Thompson was the real leader of the Abbott administration, and when Abbott resigned in November, 1892, there was no question but that Thompson should succeed.

The personal and public problems faced by the party were closely related. A settlement of the first would have made a solution of the second much easier—or the reverse. Thompson's personality was of little assistance. Few doubted his motives and everyone respected his abundant courage and honesty, but he lacked the geniality and political astuteness to conciliate the two men who between them could save or destroy the party. Chapleau, suspicious and alienated, maintained a restless and increasingly aloof communication from Spencer Wood, the palatial residence of the lieutenant-governors of Quebec; McCarthy was apparently not consulted on the formation of the Thompson administration and by 1893 had been virtually read out of the party.

By refusing to act on the schools question Thompson may have prevented an immediate fatal rupture. But inaction cannot be explained simply as a narrow political tactic. On all religious questions Thompson was on the defensive and he was determined to show no sign of partiality. Moreover, his ingrained legal approach led him to look on the problem from a legal point of view. The successive appeals to the courts were perfectly justifiable, but the question was more than one of law. Bared to its essentials the decision the federal government would eventually have to make would be a political decision. Thompson it would seem refused to accept this. And with some justice Chapleau could accuse him of attempting to delegate the cabinet's political responsibility to the courts.

Thompson died in 1894—some time before the Judicial Committee made political action imperative. A stronger man than Bowell, one who believed in the fullest exercise of the legitimate powers of the central government as by law determined, and one who believed in political justice and religious equality, Thompson might well have acted promptly and decisively. Such action might have saved the party. Bowell and the cabinet drifted, the party disintegrated, and the Conservatives went into an election from which they have never really recovered.

Sir John Thompson was an extremely able Minister of Justice and a brilliant parliamentarian. His nobility of character distinguished him from many of his contemporaries in Canadian politics. It would be difficult to claim that he was a success as prime minister. Yet it must be remembered that Macdonald's legacy was a party without any real unity, a party which faced a number of personal and political problems that he had refused to deal with, hoping that time, as so often before, would solve a problem he could not.

The Voice of the Burdash

D. J. Dooley and F. N. Shrive

► IF ADVENTURE, LONGEVITY, and service to one's country are regarded as the criteria of a full life, then Charles Mair led such a life. He was born in Lanark, Upper Canada, in 1838, when the Upper Ottawa Valley was still in primitive forest and when the original possessors of the land, the Algonquin Indians, were still very much in evidence. After the birch rod and leather taws of a stern Scottish dominie had given him adequate preparation, he entered Queen's University in Kingston. Actually he made two separate starts in

college, one in arts and one in medicine, but each time, as a biographer later put it, "the lure of the woods distracted the student, and made him lonely for the river and pineries." He left the first time to work in his father's lumbering business; he left the second time to join a survey party going to the unknown country beyond Lake Superior, the Red River area, "a sealed book as yet to the Canadian people." He reached the West at a period when its ownership was in dispute: the half-breed Louis Riel was contesting the validity of an agreement made in London between the British government and the Hudson's Bay Company awarding the territory to Canada. Therefore he and his insurgents claimed that the Canadian government had no right to make surveys through the area without the consent of the people inhabiting it. In December 1869 Mair was captured by the rebels, and imprisoned in Fort Garry; he was kept there several months, and then "very brutally one evening Riel ordered me out of my cell and told me I was to be shot . . . (I) decided then and there, if possible to escape." He did escape, with several others in similar peril, by the classic method of sawing an iron bar out of a window with a smuggled-in file. Then they fled, through country which March made a "howling wilderness," to Fort Abercrombie in Minnesota; their meagre supply of pemmican soon gave out, and for several days they had nothing to eat but a little flour mixed with snow.

This experience did not daunt Mair; it did not prevent him from laboring to make the region which had rejected him part of a unified Canadian nation stretching from sea to sea. Back in the East, he joined with four other patriots to form the "Canada First" group (soon there were enough of them to be called the "Twelve Apostles"). In pursuit of their objectives, Mair was soon in the West again, and it was there that the most significant part of his life was spent. He served with the Governor-General's Body Guards in the Second Riel Rebellion of 1884-5. He was engaged in the fur trade in Northern Saskatchewan at a time when going there "seemed almost like going to another sphere." He saw the Prairie thronging with buffalo; he was a witness to their "reckless and almost total destruction." (In fact, a paper by him read to the Royal Society of Canada in 1890 influenced the Dominion government to bring the only available herd of buffalo to sanctuary in Wainwright Park, Alberta, where it is still flourishing.) He was secretary of the Treaty Expedition of 1899 to Athabasca and the Peace River district, and his account of the expedition, *Through the Mackenzie Basin*, stimulated immigration into this almost unknown region. On his first sight of Western Canada in 1868, Mair had extolled it as "a land which drops fatness, as if in fulfilment of a prophecy"; long before his death sixty years later, that land had become the granary of the British Empire. Mair had done his part to bring about the change, through the call to adventurous and patriotic spirits which he made by the example of his own actions and by his vigorous if somewhat flamboyant prose.

He also wrote poetry.

His works can be read in Volume Fourteen of the "Master-Works of Canadian Authors" series. The volume is edited by John W. Garvin and contains a biographical and critical introduction by the Reverend Robert Norwood. It is printed on fine paper and bound in simulated red leather, lavishly decorated with gold tooling. That Mair's poems deserve such treatment is established by Norwood in unequivocal terms:

as we look over Canada's host of song, we discover one who, like Saul among the children of Benjamin, towers like a goodly oak above its companion cedars. Charles Mair is our greatest Canadian poet by every count.

Mair's first volume of poetry, published when he was twenty-nine, was entitled *Dreamland and Other Poems*. Some

of the "Other Poems" are "The North Wind's Tale," "Innocence," "The Beautiful Land By the Sea," "The Little Wren," "To a Morning Cloud," "Address to a Maid," and "My Love—A Rhapsody." The volume was fairly well received, though Norwood says that "even in those days critics could not refrain from stealing the gilt from the ginger-bread by reminding the reader of the poet's derivative tendencies." He reminds his readers that they must expect echoes from a poet: "A poet is like a violin, lacking resonance without its sounding-board." The epigraph from Keats—"O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen"—indicates that Mair was not uninfluenced by the romantics. A stanza from "The North Wind's Tale" will indicate the degree of competence which the poet had attained at this time:

But, often, ere the tender blade
Hath filled its spike with sappy corn,
I hurtle from my piny glade,
And shout till all the peasants mourn.

As this quatrain and the next one show, the poet does not refuse to deal with the harsher aspects of life:

And when the infant, mute-mouthed, slips,
Dead, from the sighing mother's teat,
I freeze the milk which slowly drips
Adown, and steal her bosom's heat.

Another poem, "Innocence," manifests the same mammary emphasis:

Beneath her sloping neck
Her bosom-gourds plumped mellow-white as spray;
Stainless, without a fleck,
The air which heaved them was less pure than they.

The grim realism of "To My Photograph" also indicates Mair's interest in the feminine figure.

Yes! waked to find some men unkind,
And others vain, and others false—
Cold, sordid reptiles who would bind
One's very pulse.

And women, too, with paltry shapes
Teazed out of nature's flowing forms—
The early devotees to tapes
And coffin-worms.

Dreamland and Other Poems contains a "Prologue to Tecumseh" which begins,

Call in the last few leaves, yes, call them in,
For ev'ry bird hath ceased its shrilly din,
And all the butterflies are deadly sick.

Tecumseh, a five-act tragedy in blank verse, is Mair's masterpiece. Like a good deal of nineteenth-century drama, it seems less designed for the stage than for the closet: it displays the pow-wow at Vincennes between General (later President) Harrison and Tecumseh, who is accompanied by four hundred men; the surrender of Fort Detroit ("Enter General Brock and Forces, with Colours flying and military music. The American soldiers sullenly ground arms, and march out of the Fort."); and the battle at Moraviantown, a fierce, see-saw struggle in which Tecumseh is eventually defeated and killed by superior American forces. Perhaps Hollywood, which has brought to life so many stirring episodes in the opening-up of the West, might be able to do *Tecumseh* justice.

The central figure is superb—as courageous as the Cid, as incorruptible as Cato, and as eloquent and statesmanlike as Disraeli. The author chooses the occasion to dramatize a

number of events which, though not strictly concerned with the life of Tecumseh, are among the more stirring episodes in Canadian history. In fact, for a time Tecumseh gallantly yields the centre of the stage to General Brock, without whom no account of the War of 1812 would mean anything. Besides showing us two heroes in action, Mair also provides the reader with travel-folder descriptions of the natural advantages of Western Ontario. The setting is pastoral rather than savage, closer to the Forest of Arden than to the setting of the *Leatherstocking Tales*. Lefroy's speech beginning

This region is as lavish of its flowers
As Heaven of its primrose blooms by night

praises the bounty of nature in terms reminiscent of Friar Laurence's in *Romeo and Juliet* and Banquo's in *Macbeth*. Lefroy, "a poet-artist, enamoured of Indian life," helps provide the love interest, since he is enamoured as well of Iena, Tecumseh's niece; miscegenation interposes a barrier between them, but eventually love conquers all. But only for a time, since this is a tragedy. When Lefroy goes forth to battle, Iena dresses as an Indian boy so that she can follow him in disguise, and at the critical moment she pops out from behind a sugar-maple to save her husband:

(Second Soldier aims at Lefroy. Iena, with a cry,
leaps from her shelter and intercepts the shot.)

In the Shakespearean manner, the author provides comic relief by the use of low buffoons (in this case, Yankees) who speak in prose:

SLAUGH. . . . Jest wait till the live citizens o' these
United States and Territories gits a chance, and
we'll show them gentry what a free people, with
our institooshuns, *kin* do. There'll be no more talk
o' skoolin for Injuns, you bet! I'd give them Kernel
Crunch's billet.

GERKIN. What was that, General?

SLAUGH. Why, they say he killed a hull family o'
redskins, and stuck 'em up as scar'-crows in his
wheat-fields. Gentlemen, there's nothin' like orig-
inal ideas!

Such are some of the major features of a tragedy which Norwood says "is of special significance as the first instance in our literature of a distinctive native drama, poetically conceived, and of enduring literary quality."

The other volume of poetry represented in this selection is called *Canadian Poems*. "A Ballad for Brave Women" employs the metre of "Twas the Night Before Christmas" to recount a famous incident in the War of 1812:

A story worth telling our annals afford
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord!

Her husband's misgivings cannot deter the heroine:

Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

By the aid of the buckets, she succeeds in outwitting the American sentries and warning the garrison at Beaver Dams that the Americans are preparing to attack them:

And Boerstler came up, but his movements were
known,
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown.
By a woman's devotion—on stone be't engraved!—
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

Another stirring poem is "Open the Bay," a demand that

the government develop a shipping route through Hudson Bay:

Open the Bay! the myriad prairies call;
Let homesteads rise and comforts multiply;
Give to the world the shortest route of all,
Let justice triumph though the heavens should fall!

And what reader could fail to be reminded of Shelley's "Skylark"—"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"—when he reads "To a Captured Firefly," which begins, "Where is thy home?" But perhaps the most notable poem in the volume is "The Last Bison." One day, while lying on the bank of the Saskatchewan River, the author is privileged to hear a burdash, or hermaphrodite bison, burst into song. The song, which continues for nine Spenserian stanzas, is a lament for the departed millions of buffaloes who formerly peopled the plain and a prophetic vision of the passing of the white man himself from the scene. Having sung it, the bison grins, snorts defiance, and expires:

The burden ceased, and now, with head bowed down,
The bison smelt, then grinned into the air.
One stride he took, and sank upon his knees,
Glared stern defiance where I stood revealed,
Then swayed to earth, and, with convulsive groan,
Turned heavily upon his side, and died.

Having sampled this much of the poetry of Mair, we may regret the loss of some of his other works, destroyed in manuscript by Riel's rebels: "I had completed a narrative poem entitled Zardust and Selima, founded on a love incident in the life of Zoroaster, the Persian philosopher; also another not entirely finished, handling poetically the search of Ponce de Leon for the fountain of Bimini."

Discussing Norwood's assertion that Charles Mair is the greatest poet of his nation, Garvin says

There are critics and readers who will question this, but all will agree that the author of *Dreamland* and *Tecumseh* must be regarded as one of Canada's most significant poets.

He goes on to say,

To collect and edit the best of the literary output of this distinguished Canadian . . . and to publish the whole in such form as to preserve it for future generations, has been for me a labour of patriotic pride and devotion.

With some specimens of Mair's verse before us, we can easily make our own estimate of how worthwhile such patriotic devotion sometimes is.

Runaway

John D. Keefauver

►HE HAD gotten Runaway only last night. It had been too late to ride, too late to do anything but rub his hand over the mare's smooth-taut skin, and hug her, and talk to her when his father had gone out of the stable and left them alone.

Now it was dawn, and, after a sleepless night, Bob was riding atop the world.

He had cantered away from the boulevard and its car noises. In the field the air was fresh and clean. He and Runaway, just the two of them, together. So quiet. So alone. Perhaps if he got far enough away he would see an Indian, or a wild animal, or a man like his great grandfather, who had died in a log cabin.

The boy's eyes spit-sparkled in the rising sun. Crisp-cold, the dawn air sliced into his nose and throat.

Bob shouted. It was Saturday—no school—and he shouted again, loud!

Runaway jumped under the boy's knees; her warm body bunched and jerked, and Bob, soothing the mare with soft words, swallowed down the sudden sandpaperish fright which climbed up from his chest.

Then, quickly, he zippered his lips and sat firm-straight in the saddle. His saddle. He had sold newspapers and magazines and mowed lawns for more than a year, and, yes, even made all A's—almost—to buy his saddle and his bridle. Then Daddy bought him Runaway, his own horse.

The mare's hoofs thumped again into the spongy ground. Bob twisted in the saddle and glanced back at the line of hoofprints. Turning, he looked ahead at the untrampled path, at the rabbit which winked at him before it scurried off into the brush. He and Runaway were the first riders on the trail; it was new and exciting and mysterious; happiness ballooned in the boy, and burst, and the rising sun caught at his smile and christened it.

The path twisted down a bank toward a stream. Bob yanked at a thin branch; it didn't break, and it scratched his hand as Runaway kept moving forward. The boy yanked at the reins. The horse didn't stop. Yelling, Bob jerked the reins hard. Runaway slowed and halted. No branches within reach. He sank his heels into the mare, and as they moved ahead he got a penknife out of his pocket. With a flick of the knife, he cut a switch from a tree limb as they splashed into the creek.

Runaway lowered her head to drink, but Bob yanked at the reins. Yet the horse kept shaking her head and nosing closer to the stream. Water splashed onto Bob's legs; he shivered and let Runaway drink, and felt suddenly cold with the dawn.

They went on then, up the farther bank, up where the field broke away from the creek, and where Bob felt the new sun jump against his body, warming him, like new-horse pride. Runaway pulled at the reins; but Bob held her.

Yes, he would hold her, and let her run when he wanted to, and stop her, too. In his mind Bob saw himself and Runaway racing across the field; then, in mushrooming dust, like a cowboy, he jerked her easily to a halt.

Bob let out on the reins. Swish! His Switch snapped at the side of the mare. Runaway sprang into a fast gallop. The field became a blur beneath them. The power of the horse and the dawn and the sky surged into Bob; he yelled crazily.

Swish!

They swept across the field toward the approaching woods, which, once far away, now jumped in front of the racing horse, as a dark wall, then as individual trees and branches, their shadows reaching out, like tentacles. Runaway did not slacken her speed; she shot toward the trees, with Bob yanking at the reins, and jerking, and feeling the dawn close in upon him.

Bob screamed as they flashed up to the edge of the thick woods.

And Runaway swerved, just grazing an oak. Bob slammed to one side of the saddle. His arms went around Runaway's neck, and he squirmed tight against her mane.

The horse thundered along the border of the woods. Like pales in a nightmarish picket fence, the trees zipped by Bob's eyes, past his knees, jammed into the horse's side.

Afraid! He was afraid and he wanted to cry, and everything was sinking inside of him, empty and heavy with shame. His horse running away with him. His own horse!

"Runaway!" he cried.

But the mare did not stop. His own horse would not stop! He choked, half-crying, and cemented his face. He would stop her. He would!

Slowly he began to inch himself up. Up. Up cowboy-straight into the saddle. His hand groped for the reins, found them, and he was yanking, boy-hard, at the racing horse, his eyes now up and looking ahead.

He screamed.

There, in front of him, hidden by weeds, rocky and wide, was a deep ditch.

"Runaway!"

On his left, at arm-length, were the woods.

"Runaway!" he yelled, jerking at the reins, and crying, the horse going crazy-fast, and then they were at the ditch.

Bob closed his eyes.

Pitched and tossed, branches snapping at him, scratch-stinging. He screamed again, with fear, and with his disgrace.

He felt Runaway suddenly drop beneath him as she stumbled into the ditch, heard the crash, and felt his own body hit the ground. His eyes flew open, and, kaleidoscopically, he saw a mixture of trees and leaves and a flying rolling horse, then felt a blow at the back of his head.

The stench of decayed leaves. Bob sniffed, and, opening his eyes, sat up. His head throbbed, he spit out soggy leaves. He saw Runaway.

Her round underbelly gaped open. Bob could not look. He glanced at a sharp stump at the edge of the woods, not far from the ditch, then at Runaway's eyes, and at her nostrils. A quiver.

Bob slip-slid to Runaway's head, and let his hand slide up the bony ridge of her nose, felt the tremor of the mare and the balled knot of his own stomach as his fingers went under the horse's head, struggling to lift and get his knee under.

The tears were warm at first; then, as the morning, they turned icily and slid down his ground-blackened face.

His voice caught at his throat, and choked, and tumbled out, "Runaway."

Bob's knee was under Runaway's head now, and the warmth of the mare was what he felt on his leg, not the damp ground; yet the morning was cold now, and still, so dead. Dead. The fall leaves were dead on the ground, and wet and brown, as his horse's eyes; they glistened at Bob, looked for him, found him; brown eyes stuck on Bob.

"Runny."

Run! He ought to get up and run for help. Run for help. Get up!

But it was no use. The breathing was gaspy, the eyes, dull, the sides . . . He had to look. Blood red, hanging out.

Bob felt sick. He swallowed. No use. He looked at the sharp stump. No use. Bob's hand cupped the horse's eye.

The heavy head shot needle slivers through his leg, weighed him down, pinned him to the leaves, and as he looked up at the trees and the sky hanging above, Bob felt small and alone and afraid that the sky would fall on him.

A tremor, and Runaway was still.

The big trees were hanging over Bob, and would fall, too, under the falling sky.

He looked under his cupped hand, and at the mare's nostrils, at her sides. The horse was dead.

Bob did not hear the sparrow in the tree above.

His leg was asleep when he pulled it from beneath the cold head of the horse. He stood, his leg wobbly and pin-pricky. He left Runaway on the soggy leaves beside the stump and started out toward the field and the cold sun.

He saw the fresh-cut hoofprints, where they became ragged and went under the leaves and had scarred the earth, saw the white skin strip off a tree, the bark ripped and hanging splinterways. And the switch he had used to sting the horse into a gallop.

Bob snatched the switch from the leaves and bent it savagely; its skin stretched; it did not break. He bent it again, his cold hands doubling the young switch. It wouldn't break. Again, wiry and unbreakable, it snapped back straight.

Finally he swished it, snapped it into a brittle leaf, which crumbled into brown bits.

The field opened up for him when he reached the edge of the woods. The sun was higher now. Bob hesitated. Behind him, heavy and flat on the soggy leaves, lay Runaway.

Swish! The switch sliced morning air.

Bob saw a rabbit hop from the woods and go high-bouncing across the field. A sparrow soared upward.

He stepped into the field. The sun was dry and warm, alive.

Swish!

A soggy leaf fell from Bob's back. Runaway's hoofprints went straight across the field. Bob turned right, toward home and the sun; already its warmth had caked the damp wood dirt on his face and dried the salty wet of his tears.

Radio and Television

► IN THE OLD DAYS, when anyone wanted to see vaudeville, he outfitted himself with a bag of licorice all-sorts or honeymoons, bought a ticket to the local movie house which featured live vaudeville acts as part of the program, and had himself a lot of laughs. Later, vaudeville moved into the nightclubs, where people in a convivial mood could still catch the show out of that corner of the eye which was not taken up with the more personal business of gazing at the companion of the evening. Nowadays we have the variety show, a melange of song, dance, and anecdote, brightly packaged and loudly delivered into our living rooms by television.

Gilbert Seldes, writing on *The Public Arts**, cautions against applying the same standards we used for vaudeville to the television show, and points out that the vaudeville act was unremittently rehearsed and tried out in the provinces before it ever came to the theatre or nightclub. Once it was perfected, it could be used over and over again in different cities, and the masters of vaudeville did indeed keep the same acts for years.

Television is a more comprehensive medium, and its great virtue, as well as its great fault, is that it cancels space and exaggerates the short-livedness of time. The endless practice, and the self-surpassing aspiration that the early stars lavished on vaudeville are inappropriate to the variety show that is seen once only on television.

If we agree with Gilbert Seldes, and do not apply *a priori* dramatic standards, we must still find some kind of values by which to judge these half hours of entertainment. The values are implicit in the shows themselves, and the place to locate them most exactly, is in the relation between what they aim to do, and what they actually achieve.

I am sure that Jackie Rae, Shirley Harmer, King Ganam, and Alec Barris would all agree that their sole aim is to entertain. Without going too deeply into this concept, most of us understand that entertainment brings with it joy, gaiety—and by virtue of the impact of new, other, life—a kind of blissful forgetfulness of one's own same old one.

*Simon and Schuster: New York, 1956.

A look at the qualities common to all these entertainments, and at the types of personalities that express these qualities, reveals some significant things about ourselves and our cultural values. What stands out in all such programs as *Showtime*, *Jackie Rae*, *Country Hoedown*, and *The Barris Beat*, is that they strive to be pleasant, happy, and one-sidedly light. They cajole the vast invisible audience (and who can blame them—it's a living), and when it comes to pleasing the set-owners, it's a case of forty-ninth parallel or bust. Since the audience is so huge, so anonymous, and so made up of all ages and moral persuasions, everything has to be kept "nice," and if it can be managed, "sincere." The problem then becomes the delicate one of how to introduce some sex into all this—sex which is both nice and sincere, and which will operate as a kind of constant secondary fringe benefit.

The problem of introducing sex in an acceptable, yet titillating way, is closely linked with the kinds of personalities that are chosen to project the accepted cultural values. The key attitudes are easy relaxation (like Perry Como's), amiability to the point of spinelessness (like Alec Barris'), irresistible, darling, boyish energy (like Jackie Rae's), tender-is-the-night fiddling (like King Ganam's), and finally, the clean-cut winsomeness of Bob Goulet and the civilized, highly polished, informal sweetness of Shirley Harmer.

I wonder if the creators of these variety shows ever ask themselves how the audience, maybe with curlers-in-hair, or victims of sharp arthritic pains, or worriers about the problems of earning a living, feel when confronted with so much goodness and gaiety which is all outside themselves? Is it any wonder that Jackie Gleason was so popular? He was not only unlikeable in his own person, but you could take it for granted that he would dislike everyone right back—and what a reassuring reality that must have been for millions of television viewers. In Canada, of course, we have our own Charlotte Whitton, who appears occasionally on *Fighting Words*, as the living proof that the female of the species (of politician) can be deadlier than the male.

All of which means that Canadian television has not yet capitalized on the negative dislikeable personality. We have had no Jackie Gleason, no Milton Berle, and no Gilbert Harding. We don't need to go so far as to invest a whole personality with negative qualities, but much of the strain would be removed from entertainment if the variety show could be freed of its present need to be so amiable and completely agreeable.

If the television screen could admit this much reality, within the kind of illusion which a good variety show creates, we might then hope for a further step in national cultural development. Instead of the present masculine ideal of the boy-man, full of adolescent roguery and crew-cut charm, plus—and this is inexplicable except in the terms of the oedipus myth—sex, we might see some men who don't make us want to implore them: "Boys, break away from your mothers," and some women who don't fill us with the urge to say: "Girls, stop being daddy's sweetheart." We might see some real men and some real women.

Apart from these complaints which apply to all the shows I have mentioned, I should add that Shirley Harmer on *Showtime* is by far the most skillful and polished performer of her kind in Canada. She really is sweet, and she really is sincere, and she really is attractive, and all of this comes through, no matter how innocuous Pat Patterson's dialogue is, or what kind of fake Gothic arches her producer, Norman Campbell, puts behind her as she sings about being an old-fashioned girl. The pace of this show, and the transitions from song to dance are superbly handled. *Showtime* frequently glitters, and always does a brilliant fade-out as

Shirley—or, as she is called on the show, Shirl—sings her theme in a way that goes straight to the heart.

And to Jackie Rae's credit, I must add that his boyish good looks gradually grow on one, and his good spirits seem genuine. He is also unfailingly generous to guest performers, and since he doesn't have much of a voice, is partial to obscure songs which require more than one singer.

Country Hoedown still has a long way to go, and much of the humor by the master of ceremonies could be either eliminated or speeded up. This show has two pleasant singing cowboys, which, after gypsies, are my favorite kind of singers. I think, however, that they shouldn't sing so much about Texas patios, Mexican haciendas and Virginia rivers; at least not all on the same Canadian program.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

Film Review

► JUNE IS ANNOUNCED this year by the fleet feet of that ancient Puck, Fred Astaire, tripping through fields of cooing pigeons and smiling daisies with Audrey Hepburn in a bridal gown. Youth springs eternal in Mr. Astaire. As he gets older and his leading ladies get younger, the discrepancy seems to matter not at all. Indeed the ease with which he conveys the carefree confident young-at-heart is beginning to make his partners appear gauche and strained in their efforts to match his fountain of vivacity. In *Funny Face* Audrey Hepburn maintains her ground; she parades her gowns with a youthful hauteur and sings in a melting small voice, but her dancing with Astaire is stiff and a trifle ungainly. She is adequate, but cannot equal his compact elegance.

As a romantic pair Hepburn and Astaire offer convincing evidence of the triumph of art over nature or imagination over fact. Underneath their charm and technical dash, these are two of the knoggiest human beings ever joined on the screen—all fly-away-ears and protruding joints. Looked at sanely, Audrey Hepburn's appearance is grotesque at times and in a flash of visual understanding substantiates that old cut of Kipling's—"a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair." Her existentialist dance in long-sleeved black sweater and tights presents an incredible figure to brood about—a matchstick girl with big eyes and feet at either end, an attenuated Giacometti come to life. Astaire has the same affinity with Eames chairs, wrought iron and modern art. As a duo they are shades of Reg Butler and Bernard Buffet. Oddly enough this ability to call forth a wealth of abstract comparisons, sometimes unflattering, is the quality that brings the world to the feet of Miss Hepburn as it has for a quarter of a century to Mr. Astaire. In both instances tireless perfectionism has helped a little as well.

A victory of enthusiasm over either talent or looks, Kay Thompson has utilized one of the most effective ploys available to an actress with a Technicolor camera turned on her. In every scene, rain or shine, whatever the décor—pink, blue or yellow, her eyelids are painted a translucent lime-green. They transfix the viewer like the eyes of a cobra and have much the same effect as the Cheshire cat had on Alice.

Doctor at Large, the third installment in the adventures of Dr. Simon Sparrow, is the best yet and just the thing for a summer night. These "Doctor" films are characteristically British because only the British could carry them off. They are collections of misadventures and medical anecdotes based on a gallery of richly conceived eccentrics such as the horsey Irish lady who cleans her diamonds in whiskey. The actors, Dirk Bogarde and Donald Sinden, are so at home in their rôles now that they have a slight tendency to throw lines away, like the exchange between a buxom young girl about

to be stethoscoped by Dr. Sparrow who requests "Big breaths now please," to which she replies "Yes, and I'm only sixteen." It is rather interesting that the ruined illicit weekend in this film is almost identical repetition of that used in *The Green Man* with such success. This theme in British comedies (it loomed largely in *Genevieve* and *Simon and Laura*) is perennial. While there is a liberal display of bottom-pinchings and barking after the female of the species in these films, an organized attempt at fleshly pleasure is doomed to failure through a multitude of ineradicable outside forces—the weather, colds in the head, waiters with their thumbs in the soup, uncooperative innkeepers—and hesitation on the side of the guilty pair party. Just like Suez. . . .

A cautionary attack on the legal profession, *Brothers in Law*, fails to live up to its prefatory quote from *Henry VI*, "Let's kill all the lawyers." This satire from the Boulting Brothers is more of a connoisseur's item than their earlier *Private's Progress* since the incidents are confined to English legal training. But Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Terry-Thomas should not be missed—Carmichael's artfully fumbled attempts at golf are worthy of Jacques Tati. *Ill Met By Moonlight*, a humorous war adventure, will please by its exciting music written by Greek composer Mikis Theodorakis, and the fascinating Greek and Cretan faces in the supporting cast. Other highlights are a marvelously spontaneous party scene at the beginning and the rugged Cretan atmosphere. Some more choice atmosphere can be found in a modest little thriller *Tiger in the Smoke*. Theological overtones, London fog, and Dickensian detail make this one of the most exciting mysteries to come from British studios in ages but, alas, it is ruined by discrepancies that stretch belief, bad transitions in plot, and an anticlimatic ending.

Joan Fox.

Turning New Leaves

►"WHAT EVER became of Bernard Shaw?" everybody is asking; and the fact that everybody asks it answers the question: he is as much with us as ever, except that the current topic of Shavian conversation is not the New Woman of the Life Force, not Fabian Socialism or Soviet Communism, but simply the question just asked—the degree to which his ideas and his art, whether from topicality or completeness of expression, have ripened, withered, and dropped into history.

Certainly, for a writer proclaimed on every side to be dead out of style, Shaw has done wonderfully well for himself in the past year or two. In my own city, Saskatoon, which may be taken as typical, there have been several talks given and articles written, and two amateur and two professional performances of plays, not to mention the C.B.C.'s radio versions, including the superlative *You Never Can Tell*. New scraps and shavings, new letters and biographies appear in the libraries: all indicating an unslaked public thirst for Shaviana. This is a university city, and certainly Shaw is kept alive partly by English departments which can offer his work to undergraduates as an example of modern literature that is readable, lively and provocative—and harmless and decent. But he continues to live as artist and man for no mere adventitious reason but because he deserves to. The plays go with a zip in the theatre and on the page because they are, at their best and most typical, formed and completed, abstract and contemplative, in their true nature: that is to say, they are essentially no more imitations of phenomena and opinion than music is an imitation of existing sound. They present the relations between ideas with

great verve and brio, and it hardly matters what those ideas are. Jack Tanner has gone the way of Roebuck Ramsden and the dodo (as Shaw knew he would), but his notions, conventional enough in the atonal world of today, are as fresh and strident as ever within the tonality of the play. *Getting Married* is as lively and aloof as a Mozart opera. Some young persons may in the chatter and confusion after an early performance have undergone the illusion of making up or changing their minds on the ostensible subjects of the play, but now it is clear that it has no palpable design upon us—and never had. We know what it feels like to own and argue the various views and to stake one's identity upon them, but we know this in a virtual way, as a concert-goer appreciates a bassoon-player's staking his all on bassoon-playing. All Shaw's characters are virtuosos on some professional or ideological instrument. He as composer and we as audience concede to each character his right to exist and demand that each be a master performer. And when not orchestrating his works, Shaw liked to tootle at his own instrument, to blow his own corno di bassetto.

This old tootler is the subject of St. John Ervine's new biography—*Bernard Shaw, His Life, Work and Friends*.^{*} The title is significant. Not only does the book tell the familiar story of Shaw's life in full detail (though without documentation), giving corrected and perhaps definitive versions of some fabulous anecdotes; not only does it give précis of plays and accounts of performances (often rather spottily and arbitrarily): it has the additional and unique character of being a book about G.B.S. in which Shaw's friends and associates come to life in their own colors, not distorted by the shifting lights that the master showman always had playing on himself.

Especially are we privileged to watch the procession of women in Shaw's life—his unamiable mother and sister, Jenny Patterson who plucked the glass flower of his virginity, the breathtaking May Morris and that *belle âme* Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell whom the author dislikes when he remembers her, Beatrice Webb whom he relentlessly remembers to dislike. And there is the extraordinary Mrs. Besant, a fervent and erotic intelligence like Shaw himself, a parson's wife who forsook all to follow the atheist Bradlaugh and to serve without a thought of self—her own or future generations—as high-priestess of contraception. Ervine muffs a great scene in his account of her meeting with Dr. Pusey, the leader (after Newman) of the High Church movement; by presenting Pusey as a wooden old bigot, he loses half the drama of the encounter. Shaw would never have done that.

But it is Charlotte Payne-Townshend, later Mrs. Bernard Shaw, who is treated with the most understanding, perhaps because Ervine's respect and affection for her shines through his every reference. For fifty years, moving quietly in the background, she kept the world and his wife from pestering the life out of her husband. In one matter, however, the question must cross our mind whether her influence was altogether in line with Shaw's true bent. She strongly disliked *Heartbreak House*, but did everything she could to encourage the selection of *Saint Joan* as a theme. Of course, Shaw aged between the two plays, but I cannot help thinking that he was in *Heartbreak House* attempting something new, tentative, exploratory but that in *Saint Joan* he had withdrawn within the limits of a masterpiece.

The men with whom Shaw worked and talked do not emerge so vividly as the women. Ervine gives no new glimpses of Wells or Chesterton or T. E. Lawrence, and Granville-Barker remains a dismal enigma. One engaging

^{*}BERNARD SHAW, HIS LIFE, WORK AND FRIENDS: St. John Ervine; Longmans Green; pp. 628; \$7.50.

Three Dutch Paintings

1.

Lines around a picture

oysters and lemons. speak to me of love.
the shining flagon mirrors the unknown window
looking out through the mind's lens.
naked and peeled the crystal yellow planes
of lemon seen even as you and eye.
speak of love. that lemons were such jewels.
oysters so plegmy. so yesterday you saw them.
dead today. so I see today.
tomorrow dead.
betrayed.
you have stopped my mouth with clay.

2.

Interior

Roomy room rooms of checkerboard tile
opening into nothing into nothing nothing into
boxing the porcelain pearly cheeked girls
twisting and twining the pearly cheeked pearls
rerereading the crumplecrumpled letter
kissing or delousing the child as choice has it
chaos contorted informed and incorporated and
imitated beyond nothing

3.

Eripuit persona

Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn
I know you by the guise you're in:
the spirit's dress from youth to age,
compassionate in pilgrimage.

Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn:
lover of Saskia and Hendrijske,
Titus, ponds, windmills,
rings and ruffs of burghers,
seduced by Ganymede,
Samson embattled and every weary
prophet with scuffed sandal,

I know you by the guise you're in
Rembrandt, you rosy youth with gold-wire hair,
sowing those lines with tender joy and patience
till your face has flowered with
each promised bud of love and death;
The spirit's dress from youth to age,
painter and etcher of the lines in that face
transcending within and without,
and with every arabesque of gold helmet
lighting and enlightening the eyes beneath
in the Dutch and sun-mote afternoon of Rembrandt,

Compassionate in pilgrimage.

Phyllis Gotlieb.

High School Girl

Head high, eyes overtopping
the herd of chaffing boys?
she dreams of Helen
and impossible wars.
Or weaving Penelope-like
an intermittent mental tapestry,
awaits an improbable Odysseus
to scatter these ordinary suitors.

Barriss Mills

Gilgamesh and Friend

Eabani, or Enkidu, made by an itinerant goddess
From clay, hairy, perhaps human,
Destined to have carbuncles, goiter, fear of death—

Became friend of beasts, notable in that
He learned their language (played the flute?),
Was weaned from animals by a courtesan. . .

(How?) Joined Gilgamesh to initiate heroism
(First known ism?) in the Sumerian microcosm.
Killed bulls, wizards, monsters like Shumbaba

(Who had no genitals, thank goodness.) in a cedar forest,
Judiciously aided by Bel, Aruru, and Shamah.
Through the adolescent world these Sumerian tourists

Joyed in their senses. But Eabani died.
Girl-crazy Gilgamesh, trophy-hunter, fame-seeker,
Wept (got drunk?), troubled gods with sharp cries.

Sought Utanapishtim, the old ark navigator
From flood days, senile but certified immortal:
With snappy snarl asked him his recipe.

Denied. Gilgamesh, the tired folk hero,
Died, first speaking to late-comer Assur-
Bani-pal about a stone tablet to commemorate

Himself by: laid down among discarded jewellery,
Brazen spears, piled armor, heard desert jackals whine
(Grinned?), nipping heels of tearful concubines;

Felt numbness, emptying, first slow tremor
Of translation, became a story,
And went stuttering into the centuries.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Touchstone

The lover, far-visioned, more than others
Senses beyond the shimmer the faint blur,
Glimpses, not shadow's contour,
But its presage, faint, sinister.

The eyes of others focus on signals,
The fallen apple with rot at its core,
Dust where a snake coiled, uncoiled,
Patterned by after and before.

The lover only, love-brimmed, with his touchstone
Can assay, test how close together
Are bitter and sweet, Alpha and Omega,
The forked shaft and the shining weather.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams.

Hemp

Hemp makes hashish,
fibre, and seed for birds;
sweet dream and spell, and sweeter song . . .
and a rope to hang us with.

Martha Millet.

personality does emerge and that is the author himself, an honest and opinionated Ulsterman who combines the truest bluest Toryism with a churchmanship low to the vanishing point. He does not hesitate to argue at length with G.B.S.—a sprightlier Roebuck Ramsden sparring with a greybeard Jack Tanner. Sense stands up against epigram better than one might have expected.

But the new thing that Ervine made me realize was Shaw's extraordinary and prolonged impunity. He reports how Herbert Samuel once said to Graham Wallas that if there were a revolution Shaw would not be at the barricades, to which Wallas replied, "There you are quite wrong. That is just where he would be, out explaining to everybody within earshot how preposterous the whole proceeding was!" And later he comments: "We may doubt if any man has ever written more freely and provocatively than G. B. S. habitually did . . . He was not only given all the liberty that is good for a man, but he took liberties that few people but himself would have been allowed to take, and nobody banned or jailed him." It is not to belittle Shaw's generous and just indignation to say that he had no sense of the terror of history; he was never at the barricades, he was never encircled, never a fugitive. Listening to the radio in his last years and hearing the phrase "people's democracy," he did not feel the pistol at the back of his neck; hearing the phrase "free world," he was unaware of radio-active poisons storing themselves in his old bones.

WILLIAM BLISSETT

Books Reviewed

LETTERS

EMU, REMEMBER!: Alfred W. Purdy; Fiddlehead Poetry Books, University of New Brunswick; pp. 16; \$0.50.

Alfred Purdy's first book, *Pressed on Sand*, had an occasional, fragmentary brilliance which compensated for its confusion of styles and uncertainty of direction. What is more, an authentic idiom kept promising to emerge out of the half-digested clichés of Lawrentian primitivism; Mr. Purdy's groups of basic images—his dust and sand, flesh and blood, bones, artifacts and instruments—were struggling to say something about history, memory, and the artificial residues of human life and creativity. The title poem came closest to success, with its macrocosmic world-skeleton, its reservoir of blood, its sifting dust, its suddenly personal conclusion.

Emu, Remember!, his second book, is as time-ridden as his first, and one is not surprised to meet a poem on Proust, to hear that "time is a wound" in a poem about extinct ice-boats, or to shift one's temporal bearings in the verbal archaism of *Cantos*. *Flies in Amber* also archaizes, as the speaker recedes historically and ages personally in his rather ironic journey to a vital, exploratory, unretrospective art of the past.

I stung by youth, stretch, reach, run,
Rotate round suns and tramp down time;
Court Blake and Marlowe, question Donne,
Think back hours, years, redeless dreame,
Grow lancke, soulle thine, flesh weake, eyes blinde.
In such extremities, approche new landes.

(I wish the archaism here were less a matter of mere spelling.) The Emu of the title poem has reached its "extremity"; earth-bound and dim-eyed, this theoretical bird is "done to death by a pavement clown." Dead as an individual, it is also

leading a kind of post-historical existence as a species. From this vantage point on the edge of the artifice of eternity, the bird is asked to "remember" what it can of the natural cycle of growth and decay, the vivid prism of love. Should nature and memory fail, it must seize what glitters in death itself.

Emu, remember in your monochrome world,
The mind colour, the strung-bead sound
Of live lovers; and failing that hold
Tight in dead aviary the bright thing found.

But, whatever vistas of time Mr. Purdy finds himself staring down, his own stance is generally on the borderline between nature and art. Although he distrusts the word and the image and likes to set them against organic reality, he also recognizes that living nature can sustain itself only by becoming dead artifice. This paradox (art the destroyer and preserver) he has begun to explore in *Emu, Remember!*, although full development seems to lie well ahead. *Postscript* is no doubt a poem about personal relations, a kind of love poem, but the imagery makes it mainly about the relation between an artist and his material, between the imagination and what is "nothing imagined." "I say the stanza ends, but it never does." So the poem begins. I wish the rest of it were as well written. The artists of *The Cave Painters* (which should be compared with *As a Young Man* in his first volume), confined in their cave or shell, create "essential bone/Bare in the sun when flesh rots," but beyond cave and clearing

They knew the world was there,
Having discovered an ache in the loins,
A clarity of colour, shores beyond their shores,
Become inhabitants of loneliness and applicants
To leave the mind-prison, be dissolved
In the myth's creation and absorbed.

Mr. Purdy is fond of using painters and paintings as vehicles for his meaning, and he is primarily a visual poet. The most interesting image-group in *Emu, Remember!* is optical: "monochrome world," "mind-colour," "astigmatic eye," "flawed cornea," "green focus," "raw blue lens," and (finally) "the wide, wide open eyes." A good deal of Mr. Purdy's poetry is concentrated in these images.

But his new book still shows much more promise than solid achievement. His handling of the borderline world between image and thing, word and event is only embryonic. The style of *The Cave Painters* is often pretentious and muscle-bound. In *Postscript* his touch is surprisingly unsure. After a fine opening its first stanza flattens out (particularly in the embarrassing fourth line). The cat-woman of stanza two could hardly be tamer (in imagery at least), despite the abortive colloquialism of the first line. The hyphenated combinations of stanza three are rather feeble (attributable to Dylan Thomas, no doubt, and at their worst in *Invocation*, with its "wire-hum," "foot-heart-beat," "terror-telling," "sky-falling," etc., etc.), and the elegiac conclusion is surely sentimental and off-key. Even the delightful *Contraband* is successful only in fits and starts. The biographical note at the end of the book lays its finger on one problem and challenge: "education from institutions, nil; from approx. 10,000 books, considerably more; from living, a great deal more." Mr. Purdy's combination of self-educated pedantry and self-conscious Bohemianism is not always very happy. But he brings it off in *Cantos*, although in a special, unrepeatable way, and in *Indictment*, which promises well for the future. Indeed, judging from Mr. Purdy's more recent periodical verse, the future may already be upon us.

Milton Wilson.

THE BOATMAN: Jay Macpherson; Oxford; pp. 88; \$2.50.

The six cycles of poems in this momentous little volume have already been published in various places. The poet herself distributed copies of "O Earth Return"; "The Plowman in Darkness" was printed in these pages, and "The Fisherman" in *The Tamarack Review*. I knew a number of the poems by heart long since and some of them had become part of my mind in the same way as Donne's "Hymne to God my God in my Sicknesse" or Yeats' "Leda and the Swan." What I wasn't prepared for was their powerful effect when read together, their concinnity and wholeness as a cycle.

Perhaps all the myths, images, symbols, archetypes, what-have-you, in *The Boatman* are to be found in Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious*, chapter five, "Symbolism of Mother and Rebirth." But that is because the poet has been reading the same books as Jung, steeping herself in the same mythological stream. She gets her myth, I take it, straight from the horse's mouth viz. Northrop Frye's (to whom, with Helen Frye, her book is dedicated) and I wish I were better equipped to conduct a tour of it. Alas, I was reading Admiralty-Fleet Orders or lawbooks at the time of life when poet or gentle reader ought to bone up on *Archetypal Patterns*, bearing such fardels when I myself might my quietus have made with the bore Bodkin. Before I make an attempt, however, I assert that Jay Macpherson is beholden to no one for her sweet singing voice, for the assured control and intelligence, wit, subtlety and lyric ring of her verse. For after all, any talentless oaf could put together archetypes (look at Jung's Miss Miller!) and still never approach poetry. Nor is the difference between a Miss Miller's effusions and a Miss Macpherson's songs just a matter of intensity. It is a matter of art, of talent, of language. Miss Miller might be anyone, but there's only one Jay Macpherson. What I'm trying to say is that a conducted tour of three-star symbols would be nice, but it wouldn't bring us closer to the uniqueness of this verse. A myth is a quincunx: once we have seen it we see it wherever we look; myth-spotting therefore isn't much of an aid to discrimination.

The poet's intention is radical and serious: to restore us to the wholeness of our nature. Her motive is love. She is so serious she can afford to dispense with solemnity, as she does, to an American steamboat tune, when she sings:

Then you take the gentle creature
—You remember, that's the reader—
And you pull him through his navel inside out.

That's to get his beasts outside him,
For they've got to come aboard him
As the best directions have it, two by two.

For the poet believes (as a poet) that we all carry a sort of zoo about in our unconscious. If we can fish the archetypal creatures out and stow them back properly aboard the ark of our soul, all ship-shape and Bristol fashion, we can ride out the deluge. But that's not half the story and to paraphrase is impossible. *The Boatman* doesn't have an argument, it has meanings, more quickly sensed than described. Now the ark is the reader, now the book, now an egg, leviathan, a box. The beasts go through their quick-change routines with the poet cracking the whip. Yet all the time the formal proprieties of art are observed; reader, poet and book are kept distinct even while they meet and take hands. So the reader is often directly addressed to remind him that he is a reader, to keep him in place.

The poet's way is to take a symbol and turn it this way and that in the changing light of imagination: for instance "The Rhymer." In "O Earth Return" (which concerns the

love-affair of Earth and Heaven) the Rhymer poem is a distillation in three quatrains of *all* sad ballads:

When leaves and rain together fall
And you lie cold and sleep
As if your hollow bed were all,
What should I do but weep?

In "The Plowman in Darkness" the note is no longer gentle melancholy but macabre bawdry, so the Rhymer turns up in a new guise:

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Want to know where I've been?
Under the frost-hard
Ground with Hell's Queen.

Notice that candid use of echoes, allusion being as much a part of poetry as anything in it. The very first piece in the book prepares one for this, with its sleights of quotation from Herbert and Auden, all in six lines. Still the poet imposes her own accent so that one never backs away with cries of "Pastiche!" "Pedantry!". It's a persistent accent: intensely learned, gently bred, innocent, sometimes government, always sweet and strange. This is song transparent and mysterious as a crystal ball: a child could delight in it, a professor be puzzled by it.

The format of the book itself is so beautiful and so apt that many will buy it for that reason alone. But it's certain that once they begin to read they'll be hooked, as I am.

Kildare Dobbs.

THREE WINDOWS WEST: Dick Diespecker; J. M. Dent & Sons (Canada) Ltd.; pp. 160; \$3.50.

Mr. Diespecker's impressively-manufactured book — 160 pages, hard-cover binding, letterpress commercial printing, and an imprint of a major publishing firm—presents an interesting case study for contrast in this decade of privately published poets, mimeographed poetry magazines, and wafer-thin books. We are, it would seem, living in a period when most poets suffer from the lack of an audience; not so Mr. Diespecker. His poem "Prayer for Victory," he tells us in his preface, was recited publicly by "Raymond Massey, Greer Garson and Ted Malone"; it "has been read and recited from literally hundreds of school auditorium platforms and church pulpits"; in fact, it "has been read or heard by well over five hundred million people on four continents." Most of the poems in the book—one a radio play, and several radio monologues—have been heard by mass audiences. Like Lister Sinclair at the Kingston Writers' Conference, Mr. Diespecker can pretend to be facing "the problem of having too big an audience." In any case, whether he knows it or not, this was his problem—and it has flattened him as a poet many many years ago.

Mr. Diespecker is by profession a radio man; he has written "more than 500 radio dramas," and most of his poems have been heard on the radio. The criticism of this kind of verse, therefore, has to do with an analysis of the nature of "mass media" and of the way that these produce a characteristic corruption of ideas and of language.

The radio voice is never that of an introspective, thoughtful individual speaking to other thinking individuals; it is the voice of the many, a projection of the mind of the majority. Hence the mass medium is by nature conformist, it affirms the belief in God and Country, it is optimistic and moral, it makes the good invariably triumph, it stands for everything that Mrs. Grundy wants and believes. For this reason, Mr. Diespecker has convinced himself that he has, as he phrases it, a "love affair with Canada"; he is an affirming war poet:

"If they should ask you,
Why do you fight?
Tell them, For Freedom. For the right
To live in peace; to worship God;
To build a cottage, turn a sod . . ."

He believes in

"The basic concept of the United Nations Charter,
And the right of every human soul on earth
To freedom under law,
And humility before Almighty God."

(As poetry, all this may seem too ridiculous for words; but remember that it "sounds great" on the air; remember, too, that "over five hundred million people on four continents" have heard or read it.)

Nor can this state of things be changed: the mass medium is what it is because it acts as a mass meeting for the whole nation, and only such rhetorical generalities as this are suitable for mass meetings. We are living in a society which exists in the state of a perpetual mass meeting. Mr. Diespecker is a fairly honest man, he is not a faker or a hypocrite; but after these many years as a professional radio writer, he has only an honest mass mind to think with. He writes his patriotic and inspirational poetry with perfect self-assurance.

In general, one gets from the mass media flat unimaginative prose, the "fact" fiction of pseudo-realistic journalism; that is the quality of much of this book. Then there are the approved ideals and emotions to be aroused. But the audience is notoriously inattentive; and therefore a form of speech must be developed which obtains the best possible results with a minimum amount of attention from the listener. The answer lies in the *cliché* of poetry and rhetoric. It is astonishing how effective a poem composed of turgid *clichés* can sound before a big audience. Hence Mr. Diespecker's flat prose is studded with poetic phrases like "a symphony" of this or that, "the true and lovely dream," "the path of destiny," "the brotherhood of man," "the far horizon's rim," and "all the broken promises" and "dying hopes." He is a very efficient hack at this kind of thing; and I think he has done good enough work in his own medium. It is just that when this is offered by Dent and Sons as a book of genuine poetry one must make a distinction. Mr. Diespecker is not writing poetry, he is writing radio scripts; and almost all radio scripts are vile stuff to read, if not also to hear. The only pieces in this book that are tolerable are the few cynical self-revelations; but these would never be put on the air. They exist, of course, because every mass-media idealist, like every totalitarian politician, is at heart sick of the whole lie, and sick of his own part in it.

Louis Dudek.

COLLECTED POEMS: James Joyce; Macmillan; pp. 63; \$1.25.

This new edition of the James Joyce poems is in the attractively presented, (hard) paper-covered Compass Books series. It contains the "Chamber Music" and "Pomes Penyeach" sequences and the single poem "Ecce Puer"—probably far the strongest in the book. A cover note tells us, incidentally, that *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* can also be obtained in the same format.

One approaches the *Collected Poems* with a familiar, faint embarrassment. Joyce's fairly commonplace verse is so far from the grand and heady stuff of (to take the most obvious example) the Anna Livia Plurabelle section, for instance, of his prose-poetry.

Yet Joyce himself, according to at least some of the many writers-upon-Joyce, thought highly of the "Chamber Music" poems, enough to continue them in "Pomes Penyeach." This can give rise to all kinds of generalizations on the difficulties of self-appraisal, even among literary giants, and on how a genius with prose can be a gawk with poetry, and vice versa.

However, Joyce's poetic talents have been weighed and debated by reviewers infinitely more erudite than this one. Suffice it to say that this edition is pleasant to have for its own modest sake, and for the lyricism—Irish flavored—of the contents. The *Collected Poems* are, though, of by far the greatest interest and importance as literary exhibits, evidence of certain qualities (or quirks) of talent and personality of one of the (some would say *the*) creative Titans of our century.

Anne Marriott.

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV; John Steinbeck; Macmillan; pp. 188; \$3.25.

Another innocent goes abroad, this time the novelist of the American dispossessed, the bard of the golden-hearted bawd, the singer of the mouse-loving, mouse-crushing, retarded giant, chronicler of the boiler-dwellers — but why should I keep the reader in suspense? Before this paragraph took its first breath the cat was out of the berry-bushes and everyone knew that the author of this *tourisme de force* was none other than John Steinbeck. How're they going to keep him down on the Flats, now that he's seen Parée?

The central idea of the book is sturdy enough for an excellent skit by Wayne and Shuster, to last no longer than seven and a half minutes of sponsored time. A scion of the race of Charlemagne is called on to become king by a France riddled with political dissension and raddled by indecision. His adventures as Pippin IV have a verve that can only be likened to the whoop of a tourist descending from his train at the Gare du Nord. After some unfruitful dickering with an American millionaire who wants him to achieve national solvency by selling French titles to Texas cattle barons and oil kings, Pippin falls into regal disrepute because he starts taking his job seriously.

His final downfall comes when he addresses a convention of political leaders and proposes a list of reforms that are like as dammit to the New Deal. (Remember?) As Mr. Steinbeck would have it, these reforms are laughed to scorn by Pippin's audience because they are revolutionary and impossible. I suspect that those acute ex-deputies gave their king the Bronx cheer because they found his formulas about as exciting as yesterday's fish-course or last week's mistress. But you can never tell with the French.

Me, I can hardly wait for the next depression when a man'll be able to raise a real hungerin' thirst for them grapes o' wrath.

A.B.

NEW YORK CITY FOLKLORE: Edited by B. A. Botkin; Random House; pp. 492; \$5.00.

Mr. Botkin is the most prolific folklorist on this continent: this is the seventeenth in a long series of bulging volumes he has edited. As its subtitle indicates, Mr. Botkin's conception of folklore is broad: he takes for his field "Legends, Tall Tales, Anecdotes, Stories, Sagas, Heroes and Characters, Customs, Traditions, and Sayings." In earlier volumes he explored various regions: New England, the South, the West, the Mississippi River; now he has turned his attention to urban folklore, producing first a general volume, *Sidewalks of America*, and now this detailed study of America's biggest city. His are not the scholarly treatises of the academic world but popular collections intended to interest a wider audience.

Here he explores that colorful borderland between fact and fiction which has become part of the New Yorker's heritage. For his sources he has gone to "out-of-the-way, off-beat, off-the-record and off-the-cuff accounts by contemporaries or near-contemporaries, participants or eyewitnesses". The tales he has recovered range from the days of Henry Hudson to those of Ogden Nash, and describe the New York of the crooks and the columnists, the moguls and the mobsters, the playboys and the politicians. Perhaps the best way to suggest the flavor of a collection that cannot be summarized is to quote a few of its subheadings: "The Ghost of Peter Stuyvesant," "Ellis Island Adventures," "The Christening of 'The Little Church Around the Corner'," "Free Lunch and the Bum's Rush," "Damon Runyon's Ashes," "Bowery Fairy Tales," "The 'Little Flower' and the Pushcart Peddlers," "Harlem Children's Rhymes and Games," "Harpo Marx and the Doorman."

Edith Fowke.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE TURN OF THE TIDE, 1939-1943: Arthur Bryant; Collins; pp. 766; \$6.00.

The publication of this book has kicked up a certain amount of dust—on the whole, rather more than it is actually worth. It makes very interesting reading; but it really does not add a very great deal to our knowledge of the Second World War; and it needs to be read with a critical eye.

There are really three components to *The Turn of the Tide*. First, there are extracts from the wartime diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, 1941-1946. Secondly, there are long passages of extension and comment upon these extracts, written by Lord Alanbrooke himself in the years since his retirement. Thirdly, there is a connecting narrative and commentary written by the well-known English popular historian Sir Arthur Bryant. The first section is the most important. The second has to be used with very considerable caution. The third, unfortunately, can be largely disregarded. Sir Arthur is an example of professional Englishry (he once dedicated a book to "Lord Queenborough, Englishman"). He suffers rather seriously from that inferiority complex which has been growing among the English since the First World War and which, though it is only a very natural consequence of the decline of Britain's power *vis-à-vis* the U.S., sometimes makes them a bit difficult to live with and gives pain to those who like them best. The complex is much in evidence in this book, for Lord Alanbrooke appears in it, not merely as an individual of quite superhuman qualities, but as the representative of English intelligence pitted against American stupidity as represented in the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This attitude reaches its high point on page 552, where we are told that "Reading his accounts of the interminable conferences and committees he attended, one is sometimes, for all his modesty and simplicity, left with the impression of an eagle trying to walk in a hen-run." The Brooke who appears in this volume is not, actually, particularly modest or simple; and his biographer's adulation is sometimes extravagant. The field marshal was unquestionably a soldier of exceptional abilities; and in his controversies with the Americans, particularly in the early days, he was often right and they were often wrong—catastrophically wrong, it might have turned out, had they not been restrained from rushing into France (rather, rushing us into France) in 1942. But Brooke did not win the war single handed, and it may be that in the long run Bryant's exaggerations will do his reputation more harm than good.

Lord Alanbrooke's own contributions are in a rather different category. His contemporary diary does not tell us much we did not know before, except for a good bit of detail, largely about personalities and often rather acid in tone. The intimate portrait of Churchill is in many ways unflattering; he was a very difficult chief, frequently riding off on strategic hobby-horses and very inconsiderate in his dealings with the harassed men who were directing the British forces. The diary, alas, is far from complete. For instance, we are given no entry for June 30, 1942. On that day, according to at least one person who was there, General Brooke, at a conference at No. 10, told Churchill that, if he entertained any idea of ever invading France in force, he must authorize the raid on Dieppe. (Bryant says of the raid, "That it was purely experimental in scale and purpose was due in part to Brooke's restraining hand." What this means is anybody's guess; this reviewer certainly doesn't know.) As for Lord Alanbrooke's later additions to the record, these merely illustrate the painful fact, familiar to every historian who has worked with such material, that reminiscences written some years after the event are utterly unreliable. The most able and respectable people, writing in all honesty and sincerity, produce statements which are demonstrably completely at variance with the truth. In the present volume, there are several postwar passages which can be checked against contemporary Canadian records. In every such instance, without a single exception, there are discrepancies, sometimes serious. One case is Lord Alanbrooke's reference (page 596) to "the stipulation made by the Canadian Government that the Canadian Army must not be split up and must only be used as a whole." The present writer, who has spent some time examining Canadian war records, does not believe that such a "stipulation" was ever made. The conclusion to which we are driven is that it would be risky to accept *any* of Lord Alanbrooke's reminiscent passages at their exact face value unless the facts can be checked. The contemporary diary, of course, is a different matter.

With all these qualifications, it is still necessary to end on a different note. There is enough contemporary evidence here, from people other than Lord Alanbrooke himself, to leave no doubt of his contribution, if indeed this had ever been in doubt. He bore an enormous burden. He had a most valuable influence on Allied strategy. He sent Sir John Dill to Washington and Montgomery to the Eighth Army. He was one of the architects of the victory of 1945. In fact, he deserved a more critical and more discriminating biographer.

C. P. Stacey.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND ETHICS: Lewis Samuel Feuer, Charles C. Thomas; Ryerson; pp. 134; \$4.50.

It may be that only teachers of Ethics take seriously the meanings of "good" and "duty." Their classes have a tendency to a continued incredulity as the long historical analysis of the terms is unrolled before them. Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, the Stoics, St. Thomas, Hobbes, Butler, Hume, Kant, Mill, the names impress them. But except for the puzzling facts that to these philosophers the obvious is very unobvious, and that Judaism and Christianity together seem not to have solved the logical issues, "good" for the average student is good, and "duty" is duty. Their attitude no doubt reflects the uncritical acceptance of their elders, even those most prone to use the words in domestic and political pronouncements.

Whether the author of this book, a member of the Department of Philosophy, the University of Vermont, teaches Ethics or not I do not know, but he is one who does take

seriously the meanings of the words "good" and "duty." His thesis with respect to them is, however, unusual. They are, he says, "anxiety-inducing words." What is distinctive of "good" in the usual ethical usage is that it invokes unconscious fear and anxieties; it ignites the sense of guilt. "The metaphysical ethics of Kant and Hegel (dominantly duty-centred) are still to be found in academic seminars, the stodgy survivors of cultural lag." Freud, the author claims, has through psychoanalysis disclosed the unconscious fears that create the massive conformities to authority, issuing in the emotionally charged words of moral theory. "Good" and "duty" are words used by ethical writers to this day, and by society in general as tools of authoritarianism. Their meanings, he suggests, cannot be exhibited by logical analysis, but they can be in some sense psychoanalysed. Dissociated from feelings of guilt, from identification with parental domination, and from the Platonic-Christian confusion of sexuality and bodily joy with evil, the words should survive to describe the real values of human life, a free expression of biological and other drives, and a community of persons acting not under compulsion, but with free-flowing affections and creative energies.

Lest this inadequate digest sound like the easy optimism of the neo-Freudians, it should be pointed out that the difficulties and even the impossibilities of implementing a Freudian psychology are fully recognized. Aggressions may be reduced, misery alleviated, the tortured soul may be released from the straitjacket of infantile fears; but the psychic Utopia is not here nor is it likely to come. Incidental to the main theme, ethical writers are divided into the liberators and the repressors, with Spinoza, Adam Smith, Bentham and Mill on the side of the angels, paradoxically enough in this case, the liberators, those who work with, rather than against, nature. A discussion of John Stuart Mill acknowledges the illogicalities of *Utilitarianism*, at the same time showing the astonishing richness of texture of Mill's psychology and social outlook. There is an interesting analysis of Mill's breakdown, so tellingly described in the *Autobiography*. Mill, of course, anticipates the author's view of Ethics as a therapeutic instrument of the social sciences. Twentieth century academic ethics, the author claims, is preoccupied with linguistic devices and is still in the dark about the emotional derivations of its own material. Stevenson's *Ethics and Language*, so influential in American theory, uncritically accepts a "good which is the product of American salesmanship, propaganda, and advertising techniques."

Apart from its interest as a commentary on historical ethics, this is the best analysis and critique of Freud from a Freudian point of view that I have yet read. The second half of the book suggests some hopeful alternatives to Freud's pessimisms, civilization as a function of guilt feelings, the inevitable Oedipal conflict of the generations, the equally inevitable fratricidal rivalries, and sexuality as a draining off of the libido from cultural activities. All of these are discussed with sympathy, and his alternatives are still Freudian, but Freud with a future, and not the future of illusion. The book is well written, and in content provides a rich and powerful tract for our times.

Jessie Macpherson.

PLANNED MIGRATION: THE SOCIAL DETERMINANTS OF THE DUTCH-CANADIAN MOVEMENT: William Petersen; University of California Press; pp. 273: \$3.50 (U.S.A.).

This is a thoroughly pleasant and instructive book. It contains an excellent review of itself in the elegant preface with which Kingsley Davis, professor of sociology at the

University of California, introduces William Petersen, who is now at Oregon and also pursues sociology. Judging from this book and his editorship of a collection called *American Social Patterns*, we are, I think justified in counting him among the not too many who together can build a kind of sociology which has a steady and reasonable view of the variety of compromises by which societies carry on, fashion public and private policies and combine informal enterprises with official administrative procedures. Such a sociology can then hold its own in a necessary partnership with political science, history and economics. It can provide as well candidates for government positions. This is, of course, both desirable and dangerous, or at least limiting. Perhaps certain insights into the character of social relations and human policies depend on their practitioners being "outsiders". In a measure this returns us to Mr. Petersen's questions. He is concerned with migration policy, with the patterns that affect the likelihood of people, many people, leaving one place and arriving at another. Unfortunately, this has become a huge and serious issue. Professor Petersen makes his task manageable by confining himself to Holland and Canada. This way he is able to keep the "territories" small and the range of ideas and explorations large. We owe such an accomplishment to his refreshing combination of scholarship and clarity.

For the first hundred pages we are asked to hold in our mind and in balance the contradictory elements which in combination provide Holland with "too many" people. In 1952, Holland still had the highest birthrate of North West Europe. Apart from France, its percentage decline between the 1840's and the 1950's was the lowest for that area. How might one account for this? As Mr. Petersen says: "the control of mortality has been remarkably efficient in the Netherlands, because all elements of Dutch society co-operate to achieve this end. The rational efficiency of the *Gesellschaft* is applied in a homogeneous *Gemeinschaft*: the best modern medical science is made available to the population through institutions associated with their churches or other groups to which they are bound by strong sentiments. Such a system has combined the advantages of the specialist and the family general practitioner; for the increase in technical efficiency is not counteracted by a decrease in rapport with the patient. That is, Holland's very low mortality is the consequence basically of a high degree of urbanization with a low degree of urbanism. All the special features of Dutch culture, thus, from the full development of social welfare to the tight family structure, facilitate the control of mortality; and many of them, as will be seen, inhibit the control of fertility."

If you travel from Amsterdam to Rotterdam you see many cities—Haarlem, Leiden, The Hague, Delft, or Utrecht, Hilversum, Bussum—but they are embedded in the flat fields around them. Nature is never far away. Society, moreover, is well wedded to the traditionalism and divisiveness of contending religious groups and these in turn bear a direct relation to political groupings. There is a triple school system, for Catholics, Calvinists and the less religious. Industrialization, we are told, came relatively late. Socialism remained in a sense a small sect. The cause of "rationality" that directly or indirectly leads to "small" families thus never had a wide chance. Today, the welfare state balances centralized administration with enhancing traditionalist values through tax-supported institutions. Three socially sanctioned methods of relieving the resultant population pressure might seem to be open under the circumstances. industrialization, land reclamation and emigration. The first is greeted with mixed feelings. Mr. Petersen thinks the Dutch are afraid of the social consequences of industry, given the latter's inherent association with "urbanization".

"There has been an attempt to take the factories to the countryside, rather than bring the rural workers to factory towns; and to date this has not succeeded."

Reclamation is written off "as hardly more than a symbolic gesture." Mr. Petersen goes even further. He thinks that strong young farmers "who come from restricted circumstances to a plot of their own" will feel encouraged to raise larger families. Perhaps. But might it not also be possible that once all the polders in the Zuider Sea are completed this kind of achievement of planning (accompanied, by the way, by some very good art, architecture and murals, even in pumping stations) will leave its rational residue among its inhabitants?

As for emigration, it, too, is a partial failure, though Heaven knows the most strenuous efforts were and are made to encourage it. Successfully large emigration probably must go through three stages: individuals leaving and writing convincing letters that encourage others to follow them; groups of emigrants becoming members of ethnic settlements that act as antidotes to homesickness and as way stations for "assimilation"; and waves of emigrants en masse that help establish a pattern of leaving which in turn can absorb a variety of motives for going. Mass emigration from the Netherlands never developed during the years from 1840 to 1914. Mr. Petersen suggests several reasons for this: in Holland urbanisation and emigration rather than becoming simultaneous tended to be mutually exclusive; the experiences of the Dutch with overseas settlements, especially in Surinam and Argentina, were rather unhappy; during and after the first war Holland was rather well off. In the end we come back to the thesis that a framework of attitudes lies behind migration policies and population growth. The well administered emigration measures of the Netherlands are kept from being fully successful by "immemorial traditions." Besides, emigration implies immigration. Mr. Petersen provides an account of the ideological background, as he calls it, to Canada's immigration policy. He shows the divergence of views which business, labour, and French Canada have fashioned toward immigrants. He takes us over familiar ground which others, notably Dean Angus and David Corbett, have treated more fully. Yet his section on the "subnation of French Canada" is good. He concludes that "migration is controlled by a rational government bureau, but within a broad framework set by the people's largely irrational sentiments" and argues that the Dominion government is able to hold the balance of power in the difference of opinion concerning immigration largely because Canada is experiencing a rapid expansion of its economy, immigration is regulated with reference to seasonal unemployment, and up to 1955 the government "has avoided a full debate on immigration policy". Mr. Petersen suggests too that while short term disturbances are bound to arise in connection with immigration, "many resolutions demand a long-term immigration plan," but this, in his view, is not feasible precisely because of the opposition, among others, of those who despite their demands for such planning in fact, make it necessary to adjust the present program on a week-to-week basis. When more facts on the present influx from the United Kingdom and Hungary are available, it might be useful to review this contention.

In one of the last chapters of the book we are given the details of the congruity that has become established between Canada and Holland especially during and after the second war which involved both the stay of Crown Princess Juliana over here and the liberation of Holland by Canadian soldiers over there. It might be instructive to make a com-

parative analysis of Canada's relations to various "small" nations and so compare Dutch Canadian with Norwegian-Canadian relations concerning such matters as immigration and alliances within the United Nations or NATO. Dutch immigrants, it would seem, enjoy a favoured status as "new Canadians" because they are "agriculturists" and because they are of "Nordic stock." The last expression is probably another way of saying that they will assimilate fairly easily. The fact is that many Dutch immigrants undertake their "integration" into Canadian society under the influence of religious organizations and ties which help in some measure to complicate the issue. Still, Mr. Petersen frankly admits that he cannot say much that is reliable about the character and extent of Dutch "assimilation."

He concludes with the proposition that the "administrative controls set up in both countries have been established more in response to irrational pressures than as a rational means of solving a social problem." In the case of Holland he feels that the accent on emigration is in good part a withdrawal from a public discussion of birth control. Birth, unlike death, seems beyond the mastery of reason in a country in which Catholics and Calvinists compete and for different reasons include fertility among their norms.

If one misses anything in this judicious journey through the social structure of migration and population growth, it is the places where the rational and the irrational meet: in the heads of people, be they migrants, officials, preachers who call and those who keep back. There this dichotomy between reason and sentiment may turn out to be insufficient. However, that requires another book. It would be silly to mar gratitude for this excellent and necessary essay with the inevitable reminder of its need for a companion in which we hear more directly from the Dutch in Lethbridge, Alberta, as well as from some of their neighbours there and their former associates "back home." When we can link private apprehensions with impersonal regularities, the disjointed riddles of society might begin to fall into discoverable places. In any case, Mr. Petersen has given us much, and given it well.

Kaspar D. Naegle.

THE ANATOMY OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISERY: C. W. de Kiewiet; Oxford; pp. 88; \$1.50.

This slim book consists of three well-integrated lectures at McMaster University by the President of the University of Rochester, a Hollander by birth, a South African by upbringing, and an American by adoption. In outlook he is a liberal and a scholar who established a reputation with distinguished books on the history of South Africa. We obtain here what we might expect from President de Kiewiet's previous writings, scholarly care, human sympathy, and a reliable insight that comes from a mind well trained to weigh evidence dispassionately. A reader will scarcely find in eighty-seven pages a more discerning statement of South Africa's contentious problem and its meaning for the West.

A. B.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

THE CHURCH IN SOVIET RUSSIA: Matthew Spinka; Oxford University Press, 1956; pp. xi, 179; \$3.25.

Dr. Spinka has given us as complete an answer as we are likely to get to the questions we all ask about the present state of the Church in Russia. He explains the phenomena of reopened, crowded churches, reopened seminaries, and other signs of a lively church in a country whose government for thirty years has professed itself antireligious. Dr. Spinka is an expert in Orthodox affairs, and he was an eyewitness of some of the events he records. His book contains a good bibliography.

The work is divided into three long chapters, each dealing with the reign of one of the three occupants of the patriarchal throne restored in 1917. Relations between the Church, freed by the Revolution from state control, and the government are described on the high level of the patriarch's office. The first patriarch, Tikhon (1917-25) changed the attitude of the hierarchy to the Soviet regime from one of outright opposition to one of apolitical neutrality. His successor, Sergei (1925-44), as the price of legalizing the position of the Church and its hierarchial jurisdiction over the individual parishes, brought the hierarchy into full cooperation with the Soviet Government and with its aims.

In the reign of the present Patriarch Alexei, this process of identifying the temporal aims of the Church with those of the state has led to such familiar events as the strong ecclesiastical endorsement of the Stockholm Peace Petition (with the accompanying denunciations of the Wall-Street-war mongers, etc.) and to the less familiar but not less important gradual replacement of Constantinople by Moscow as the "primus inter pares" of Orthodox Patriarchates. Dr. Spinka sees in this last an attempt (to a very great degree successful) on the part of Alexei to revive the ancient Russian dream of Moscow as the Third Rome. In this attempt, of course, the Patriarch has the full cooperation of the Russian Government.

Thus the book in fact describes the melancholy story of the decline of the Russian Church from a position of independence and neutrality in politics to one of complete subservience to the Soviet State. Dr. Spinka points out that this is not a new position for the Russian Church, but perhaps he does not distinguish sufficiently between the morality of tsardom (with all its faults) and that of Soviet policy. Dr. Spinka with great fairness relates the terrible choices that lay before all three patriarchs. Tikhon, for instance, was faced with widespread schism, and under his original policy of opposition to the new regime, the Church seemed to be splintering. He healed these wounds by strict observance of Soviet law and recognition of the regime. Arrest and deportation in all three reigns have deprived the Church of its ablest leaders, and the closing of monasteries and seminaries dried up the source of recruits for all ranks of the clergy. The reopening of the seminaries was one of the aims of Sergei's policy of cooperation.

Not in this world will we ever be able to judge whether or not the hierarchy of the Russian Church is paying too high a price for the continued existence of the patriarchate and for a certain limited freedom of worship for the Christians of the Soviet Union.

D. B. Clark.

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NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

TRAVELLERS WEST: Mary Quale Innis; illustrated by Illingworth Kerr; Clarke, Irwin; pp. ix, 339; \$3.50.

Published narratives of travel in Western Canada prior to the completion of the C.P.R. in 1885 are numerous and varied. Missionaries, sportsmen, fur traders, explorers, and policemen have contributed interesting and often perceptive accounts of the country, its inhabitants, and the vicissitudes of travel. Unfortunately most of these are out of print, and reprinting the best of them in whole or in part would be a major contribution to Canadian literary and historical studies. Among the better known travellers tales are those of the Earl of Southesk, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, and the Rev. George M. Grant, which Mrs. Innis has selected for attention in *Travellers West*.

Southesk's hunting trip from the Red River settlement to the Rockies and back was made in 1859-60; in 1862-63 Milton and Cheadle, in search of game and adventure, left Fort Garry, wintered near Fort Carleton, and after many hardships in the mountains finally reached Vancouver Island; Grant was a member of the Sanford Fleming Pacific Railway exploratory expedition of 1872 which (unlike the other two) reached the Red River by an all Canadian route, then crossed the prairies and mountains in the footsteps of Milton and Cheadle, covering country now traversed by the main line of the C.N.R.

Travellers West makes no contribution to historical knowledge either by way of new material or interpretation. Presumably its purpose (there is no preface) is the more modest one of giving a popular and unelaborate account of the journeys suitable for two classes of reader — young people, and those without access to the original narratives. For the first, Mrs. Innis has bowdlerized Dr. Cheadle's *Journal*; though in the age of Wild West television this seems hardly necessary; for the second, she has paraphrased or quoted enough of the narratives to give a fair idea of the main events of these notable journeys.

Lewis H. Thomas

ATOMS FOR THE WORLD: by Laura Fermi; University of Toronto Press; pp. 227; \$3.75.

This book is about the International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Power held at Geneva in August, 1955, and especially about the United States preparation for and participation in the conference. The author attended the conference as historian for the United States delegation, but her Preface makes it clear that the book is a personal account of this great milestone in our atomic journey, and not the official history of the delegation's activities.

Atoms for the World is a very disappointing volume. It is not meant to be instructive, though it includes a few passages on isolated aspects of atomic art and science that are lucid and informative. It is far from being a clear well-focused account of the conference, or even of American participation in the conference. Nor has it the literary merit that often results from an intelligent woman's eye for the significant detail. The anecdotes in the book are merely annoying, the account of preparations for the conference merely tedious, and the description of the conference itself a series of random literary snapshots.

Perhaps—and I am not merely trying to be charitable—the very faults of the book illustrate our desperate confusion as the first humans caught up in the atomic era of history. No matter how we console ourselves with the thought that the Bomb is only the slingshot come of age, or that $E=MC^2$ is only a generalization of the familiar laws of physics that we all learned in high school, or that the Geiger counter is really no more mystifying than an electric meter, we secretly

realize that we are only whistling in the dark. Every man must now, to some degree, feel the insecurity of an unfamiliar world.

Scientists working feverishly to make the conference a success, motivated not only by the lure of scientific discussion but also by the goad of semi-conscious social responsibility (we *must* prove that the atom is a force for good); the relief and delight on realizing that Russian scientists are human; the juxtaposition of the delegation from Lebanon, Miss Nassar, a physics teacher, with the 259-member American delegation; a paper on radiocarbon dating, a science which had its origin in the sewers of Baltimore in 1947; Father de Riedmatten, a delegate from the Holy See, reminding other delegates at a Pontifical Mass that the wonders they discover bear witness to the presence of God; "genetic deaths"; prospects of vastly improved techniques of food storage; "breeders"; Swedish scientists measuring the amount of spontaneous radiation given off by young people, middle aged people, and old people; the British and the Americans storing radioactive wastes that will remain "hot" for hundreds of years—the tremors of history about to erupt. No wonder Mrs. Fermi was swamped by her material.

The conference itself was a *cri du coeur*. In many ways *Atoms for the World* suggests the frightening gap that now exists between the world in which we live and the public comprehension of that world. Should we not devote some funds to popular atomic education in order to try to narrow this gap, instead of directing all our investment to research which has the effect of widening it?

J. H. Dales.

ORTEGA Y GASSET; Jose Ferrater Mora; British Book Service; (Bowes & Bowes); pp. 69; \$1.30.

This recent addition to the series of *Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought* is a dry, useful booklet whose main attraction is its bibliography. The latter is well worth seven and six, and should be turned to at once without reading the respectable text; otherwise an unwary amateur who had not explored Ortega might believe he was as dull as his commentator. In case it might be thought that I mean an injury to Mr. Mora, let me say that this is not true. His style is simply that of the academic writer, and it is only when considered in conjunction with a style like Ortega's that it becomes an obstacle to light. Ortega had so many sharp, simple, original and profound things to say about books, ideas and people that any sixty-four page "summary" of this kind can only be a deterrent to discovery of the man's own writings.

What could be less inspiring, on the face of it, than an address to the International Convention of Librarians on the mission of their profession? Ortega turned the topic into an examination of the whole idea of a profession or calling, showing how such work as that of librarians can deteriorate over the centuries from a creative activity into an indiscriminate and mechanical process of cataloguing. Whatever subject he touched he penetrated deeply, seeming unable to write a page without some verbal or intellectual surprise—for his use of words was as fresh as his exploration of ideas. He was, in short, the kind of writer who can generate enthusiasm and delight in students, in addition to providing strong fodder for those ruminants, their professors. He could also inspire young men to action, as the student demonstrations in Madrid last autumn showed. It is indicative of his common sense and real patriotism that he spent his last years in Madrid where he was most needed, instead of remaining in petulant exile.

A.B.

INDIAN THOUGHT AND ITS DEVELOPMENT:
Albert Schweitzer; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 265;
\$1.60.

Dr. Schweitzer's book has two sources of interest. The most obvious one, provided by the bulk of the book (230 of the 265 pages), is the account of the historical development of Indian thought from the time of the Rig-Veda, about 1500 B.C., to the present day. Although, as Dr. Schweitzer stresses, his subject is Indian thought and not Indian religion, it is often difficult to define a borderline between the two subjects; and so it is certain that this historical account will be taken up by the very large number of people today who, having dropped, if they ever held, the particular faith to which they were bred, are vaguely concerned to be fair-minded and to look into Buddhism, Hinduism, and any other available kinds of Holyism, to see whether there isn't something there that might suit them, very much in the manner of a lady trying on spring hats to kill time between lunch and tea. Equally certainly, they will get little satisfaction from their fair-minded quest, and having dutifully ploughed their way through several chapters on The Teaching of the Upanishads, The Samkhya Doctrine, Jainism and so on, they will begin to find themselves confused about what it was that was so memorable about the Brhad-Aran-yaka Upanishad, or whether Samsara was a person, place, or thing, until, perhaps they join Mr. Eliot in the now classic position of wondering what exactly it *was* that Krishna meant. The book is packed with information, but as is so often the case with such books, it is to be referred to rather than read through.

The remaining 35 pages of the book, the first and last chapters, have quite another interest and are, to my mind, more important. In them, Dr. Schweitzer discusses the differences between the philosophical systems of India and the West and suggests what the one may have to learn from the other, and it is here, naturally, that Dr. Schweitzer's own attitude becomes clear.

The weakness of his attitude, as seen here, lies, I think, in its demand for logic and consistency. Perhaps the most general failing of what are now usually called professional philosophers is and has been their demand for and reliance on systems. They often, as Dr. Schweitzer certainly does, recognize that the universe is not tidy, and yet it seems that they cannot restrain themselves from trying to impose tidiness on it.

Dr. Schweitzer describes the main philosophical attitudes of the West as being those of doctrinal dualism (teaching that the universe contains two principles, a supernatural ethical power and natural non-ethical power) and life-affirmation (existence is of value in itself, and to be fostered), whereas those of India are mystical monism (the universe is One, and the meaning of man's life is to be found in union with it) and life-negation (existence is of no value, and not to be fostered). He finds that neither of these sets of attitudes is completely satisfactory when worked up into a system and concludes that what the world needs is a synthesis which will be able to derive an ethical, affirmative way of life from a mystical, monistic faith. No consistent system has yet been developed to do this, because mysticism, which is concerned to obtain spiritual union with the universe by studying it and identifying with it, can find in it no ethical principle. "... In the history of the Universe and therefore also in the first origins of Being no ethical principle can be discovered. No ethics can be won from knowledge of the Universe."

This is probably not true, since ethics have at least been introduced into the universe by man, as Dr. Schweitzer's own book, an undoubted part, however slight, of the history

of the universe, adequately bears witness. But, aside from that, one may ask why, in any case, there is this demand that the ethical way of life be desired from mystical monism. Both parts are undoubtedly good, but Dr. Schweitzer's insistence that they should therefore be fitted together logically, that they must form a system, is unrealistic. One can only ask him, "Why?" What is the essential virtue of a consistent system? In fact we know that man can get along perfectly well with attitudes that are logically inconsistent. His practice of life may be ethical, life-affirmative, while his fundamental world-view is monistic and life-negative. Christianity, as Dr. Schweitzer himself admits at one point, provides an example of just such inconsistency.

This denial of the reality of Dr. Schweitzer's case extends to many of its details. One is constantly asking what the value of this or that point is, and finding that the author will not come down to concrete details. "Ethics," he says, for instance, "consist in responsibility towards all that lives—responsibility which has become so wide as to be limitless. Action towards the world is only possible for man in so far as he strives for the maintenance and furtherance at its highest level of all life that comes within his range."

Encourage, then, the breeding of flies? The "loving self-devotion to other life" which he advocates is something which we know not to be in the nature of life, and it leaves you with ethical problems, given a choice between two conflicting forms of life. Shall the locusts or the men eat the corn?

The style of the book suffers in a similar way from its lack of concreteness. The language, like the philosophy, is abstract, and one often longs for the sort of illuminating example that one has become used to in the work of Bertrand Russell. But, for all that, these first and last chapters are to be recommended to anyone. A reading of them and a debate with their argument point by point, at least forces the reader to begin to clarify his own philosophical position, and this, surely, is every reader's and every man's business.

Arthur Hammond.

LULLINGSTONE ROMAN VILLA: Colonel G. W. Meates; British Book Service; pp. 166; \$4.25.

Lullingstone Roman Villa "is the story of a house," its telling made possible by six years of patient, methodical and imaginative excavation. In this "story" Colonel Meates has performed a service both to the archaeologist and to the layman, a service performed to both simultaneously and without separating them. Knowledge and ability to describe in readable terms how one excavates and interprets the results is Colonel Meates' strong suit. He can explain how he arrived at the date of the mosaic floors, how coins can be used for evidence of this and that, how to distinguish clay that has silted over a site from clay that was originally part of the actual building, and how he can distinguish a "house" of one period or phase from that of its predecessor and successor. His speculations and conclusions on, for instance, why there were so few bedrooms in the Fourth Century house, why the apse-shaped room was a dining-room and why he thinks the occupant who came to live in the abandoned house towards the end of the Third Century was a farmer, provide touches of humanity and set the house and its people in their historical perspective.

Colonel Meates of course, was lucky in his choice of a house. His excavation work does not appear to have required many of the most up-to-date and possibly expensive techniques of modern archaeological methods: the final location of the site was a lucky chance: a fallen tree gave the necessary value; "the roots had gone deep and in falling the trunk had levered up evidence of the buried house." He was for-

tunate in being able to call on eminent archaeologists and scientists for aid in interpretation of his finds; but above all, he was fortunate in excavating a villa where were found not only two Roman portrait busts, made of Greek marble, such as have not been found, to date, in any other Roman-British house, but also a complex of Christian Rooms that so far have been found within only one other Roman house, at Dura Europos on the Euphrates.

These two "finds" give Colonel Meates' book a particular value which he makes the most of. In archaeological excavation one can work so long in finding nothing; or if one finds something it may seem small and insignificant almost, but not quite, like the piece of plaster with a bird painted on it found in the debris of the Deep Room. This find, later to prove so significant, was a prelude to the dramatic discovery of the two amazing portraits: "I've come across some marble", someone whispered "and it looks like hair." This tone of excitement pervades in varying intensity throughout the book, for Colonel Meates has performed two tasks: he has told the story of a house, for "a house is civilization in miniature," and, at the same time has given a clear and objective account of the actual, detailed work of excavation.

Colonel Meates has already worked for six years on the excavation of Lullingstone Roman Villa and a piece of it still remains to be excavated. That he can stand back from what has been discovered so far and write as he does is a tribute to what can be expected of archaeologists to-day and a fulfilling of what he sees as an important purpose of their work: "It is the humanity that the modern excavator tries to reclaim from oblivion".

Ella N. Martin.

THE CANADIAN COLLECTOR: Gerald Stevens; Ryerson; pp. 100; \$10.00.

This is a useful compendium so far as it goes; but it contains less than it should. And what is worse, there is evidence of padding. The list of cabinet makers and gunsmiths might better have been doubled, two columns to the page, thereby leaving room for more relevant material. Whether encouragement should be given to the collecting of firearms, having regard to the small houses and even smaller apartments of today, may be left to the individual reader to determine.

Mere lists of names cannot be of much help to a collector; for, apart from the better-known makers, little if anything is to be learned from them. The most useful portions of the text are devoted to particulars of the pieces shown. Even these, however, are not always accurate. We as a nation seem to have a passion for labelling things. We seem unable to say that a certain thing is a native product of such and such a time, but we must insist on relating it to some French or English design, whether or not it belongs in that classification. *Canadian Regency* so-called is nonsense. The chair as it happens is plainly a country carpenter's job, and as ugly as sin. I am no admirer of George the Fourth, but I should be most reluctant to ascribe that piece to his reign as prince regent. Whatever else they lacked the people of the period often had taste, a virtue which seems to have departed from us.

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The author, however, talks sense when he asserts that until documentary evidence—"actual invoice or something similar" (perhaps another bill)—"is discovered a specimen must be catalogued as being a type, rather than of a particular artisan." To say type is to say the average man. The descriptive epithet is too loose; it lacks precision. Typing things is a risky business because things are seldom produced true to type; they are either modified, enlarged, or materially altered so as to defy typing. The latitude is too great for comfort.

Jacques and Hay of Toronto, probably the most important of all the cabinetmakers listed, are quoted as having been upholsterers and makers of Windsor and cane chairs. They were much more than that. Among their productions were massive sideboards and beds elaborately hand carved, dining-room tables and parlor furniture. Many, if not all, of the pieces were made of black walnut, until the 'eighties a fairly common wood much employed in furniture-making, stair casing and interior trim. Abroad, as in Canada, Jacques and Hay were known for their high standards of manufacture which throughout a long life they rigidly maintained. Some of their pieces may be identified by a label but not all.

The section on glass and china and pottery will likely inform many readers oblivious to this department of Canadian enterprise. The illustrations here are more numerous and representative than the reproductions of furniture, and even of firearms to which the author seems partial.

The book is a good book, detailed where it can be and enlightening. It would be a better book had it been organized. At the risk of seeming picayune I should like to point out a few minor errors of taste or syntax which in a later edition could be amended. The annoying iteration of "the writer" for "the present writer." Why not simply the personal pronoun? The use of "glass houses" for "glass works" or "glass manufactory." It is hard to credit a list of glass blowers being at all serviceable since it is not known that such workers left their names or initials on the glass they made. A paragraph on page eight calls out to be untangled. The reproduction of a contemporary advertisement or two would have been welcomed by the student and researcher and added interest to the book. Yet with all its defects *The Canadian Collector* does supply a need and provide a firm foundation for a later and fuller account. The manuscript could have stood some editing. There is no index.

William Colgate.

AFTER JUNE 10

(Continued from front page)

least, and perhaps even in some areas of domestic politics, the general predispositions of the Canadian voters of continental European origin may coincide with those of a significant number of French Canadians and with the somewhat more military and empire-minded Ontario Tory.

The Conservative party might conceivably become a coalition of various interests among which there would be a loose alignment of different ethnic groups. These would share a preference for a tough foreign policy towards the Communist and neutralist countries, even such as India or Ghana which are in the Commonwealth. The new Conservative party would, under these circumstances, develop policies somewhat to the right of those of the Liberals. It might favour the reduction of governmental activities (such as the CBC), the encouragement of the provinces to assume additional burdens of government, and a tough, anti-communist line in foreign policy. The Conservative party might also turn out to be somewhat less sympathetic than the Liberals to nationalism in Africa and Asia. The most significant

aspect of these possible developments would be an alliance between Ontario-based anglophile Toryism with French Canadian conservatism.

A group of extremely skilled Conservative leaders could perhaps create an alliance of this kind and thereby change the nature of Canadian politics. Should they succeed two things would be accomplished. In the first place, the French Canadians would become genuinely integrated into national politics. They would not abandon their ethnic and cultural identity, but by becoming important members of both major parties, they would participate in the political struggle on a broader base. They would be divided like the rest of the country: some supporting the government, others the opposition. Secondly, a genuinely liberal Liberal party would develop in opposition to the Conservative alliance. The new Liberal party would offer an alternative to that of the Tories in being somewhat more centralist, slightly more sympathetic to increasing public control of some sectors of the economy, more conciliatory in international relations. The Liberal party would be more sympathetic than the Conservatives towards the cause of the colonial peoples. This tendency might be greatly emphasized under the influence of Mr. Pearson. Like its main rival, the Liberal party would be nation-wide in its appeal, attracting those looking for a truly liberal alternative to the party slightly to its right. . . .

What is to become of the Social Credit Party and of the CCF? The June election failed to provide a clear answer to this question. It is possible that both these parties will survive for a long time and so prolong and even enhance the multi-party tendencies in our parliamentary life. This is one of many eventualities which may prove wrong the above speculations about the possibility of a new party alignment.

Social Credit's apparent failure to gain much support in the East after a strenuous and vigorous campaign suggests that unless there is a major economic upheaval, the party is unlikely ever to play a decisive role in national politics. Much the same can be said of the CCF. But while the contribution to our Parliamentary life made by the Social Credit members has in the past not been memorable, the CCF, largely through the personalities of its leaders, has influenced the policies and the flavour of the 1935-57 Liberal era. The CCF is not likely to expand greatly its popular support; there is reason to believe that it is becoming something of an old party in terms of the age of its leaders and, more important, of most of its supporters. There are exceptions. Mr. D. M. Fisher, for example, who defeated Mr. Howe in Port Arthur is a youngish man of great ability. He promises to become a valuable asset not only to the CCF, but to the entire House of Commons. The calibre and number of men like himself, elected for the first time by the various parties, will in the long run determine the nature of our political future and our parties. The Conservatives promised to restore Parliament to its rightful place in our political life. The final chapters of the story begun by the events of June 10 will be told in the new Parliament where they may be influenced beyond expectations by the many young newcomers to our political scene.

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